Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE

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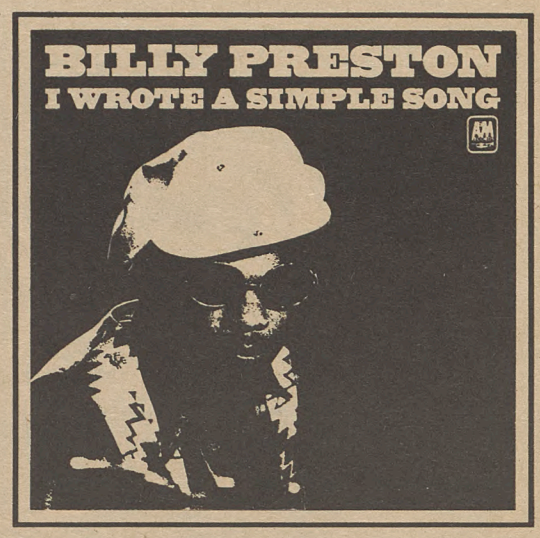

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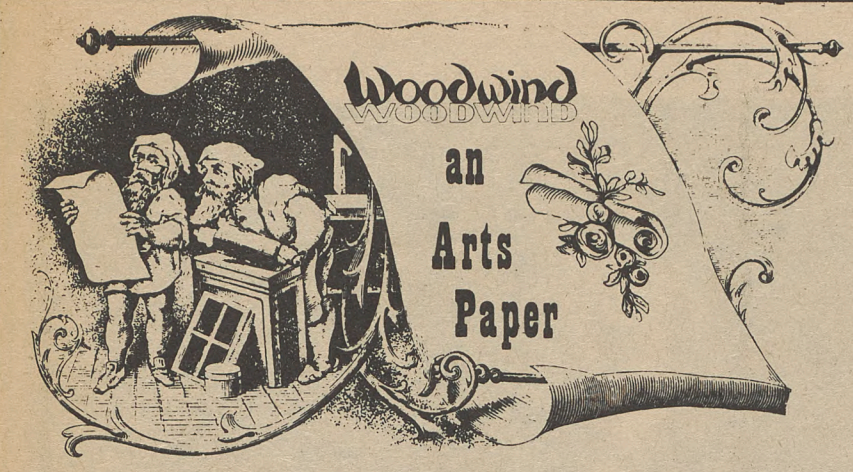

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WOODWIND is a community oriented Arts paper, and in being so, one of our primary functions is to publish new local artists and writers. If you are interested in having your work published please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction, art reviews and short features.

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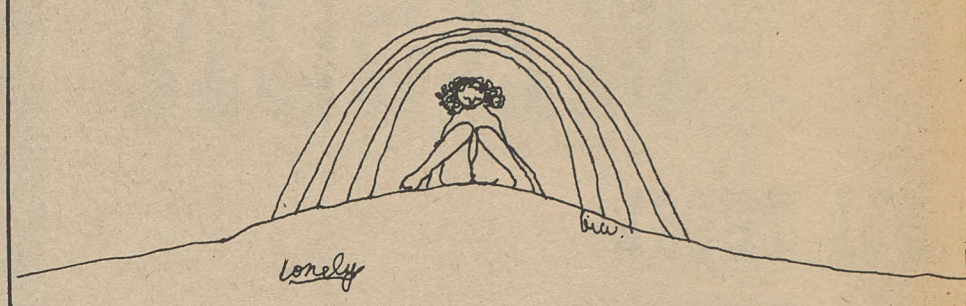


COVER

Roberta Flack will be honored on April 22 by Human KIndness Day which has been declared in her honor by the District of Columbia.

A native Washingtonian, Roberta has been acclaimed Number One Female Vocalist of 1971 by Downbeat Magazine, a title previously held for many years by Ella Fitzgerald.

The celebration will be climaxed by a free concert at the Sylvan Theatre, from 1 pm to 5:30 pm. In addition to Roberta, the following local artists will appear at the concert: Archie Stewart, Bill Seigman, Donal Leace, Mr. Rhythm, Frank Bullard, Drop of Blue, Lorraine Rudolph and the Now Generation, Zulu Nation, The Colmanaires, The Mighty Wonders, The Calvert Crusaders, The Flying Nesbits, Capital Ballet Co., and Ebony Impromptu Co.

Roberta Flack Human Kindness Day will begin with a breakfast at the Kennedy Center at 8 am, for Roberta's close friends, family, and civic leaders. At the same hour, young people will be assembling at Francis Junior High School, 24th and N Streets, N.W. for a parade. Roberta will join the parade at 10 am. It will then proceed down 24th Street to Pennsylvania Avenu, past the White House to 15th Street, on to E Street, and be reviewed at the District Building by Mayor Washington and members of the City Council.

On the Monument Grounds, at noon, the Mayor will officially declare 1972 Human Kindness Day in honor of Roberta Flack. At that time, winners of the art and essay contests stressing the Human Kindness theme will be announced. The contests are being held in District schools among children in grades 4 - 12.

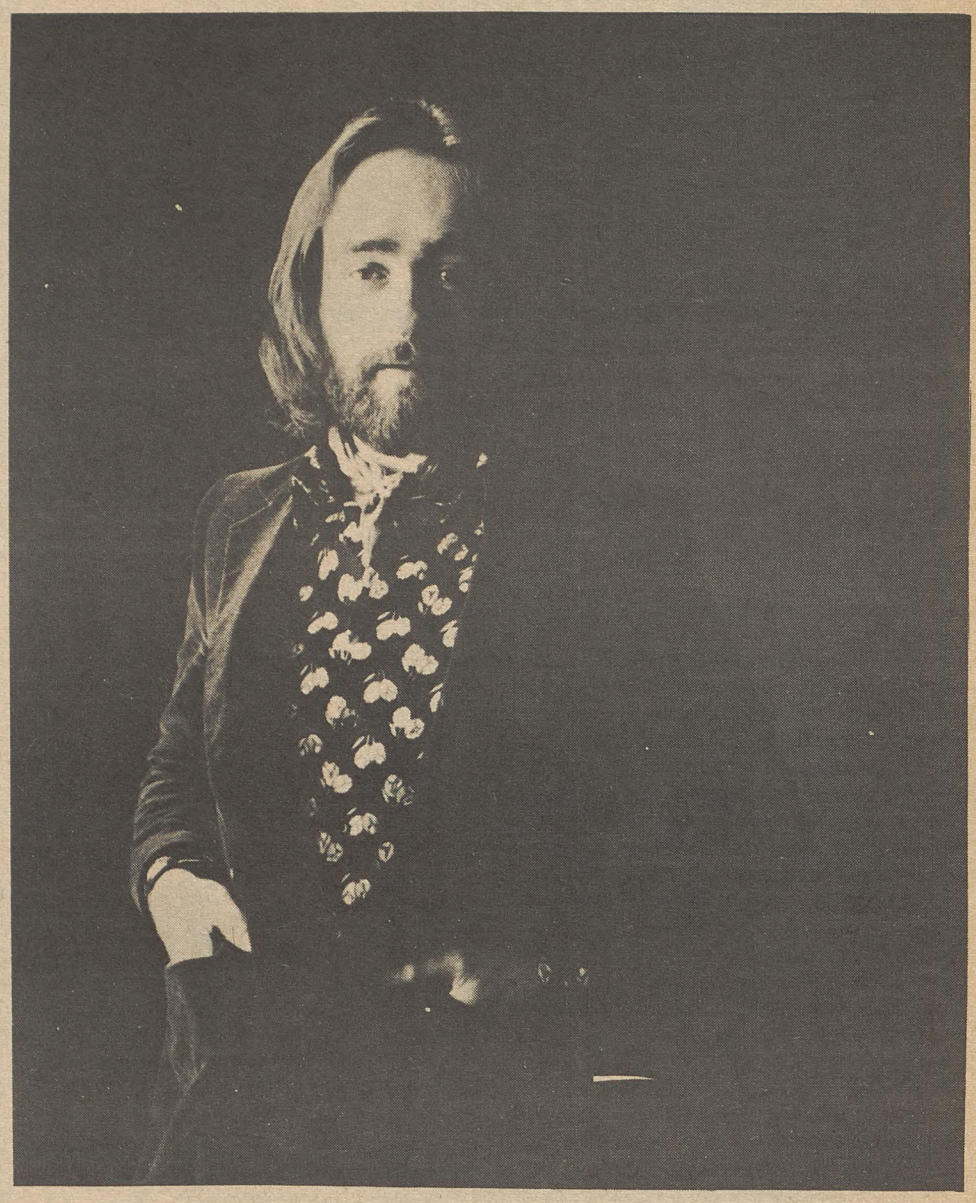
The day's other activities include: a Black Caucus Social, a private lunch at Mr. Henry's, a reception at Gallery One, and a banquet at the Washington Hotel.

At the banquet for 500 guests, the Roberta Flack Day silk-screened print featured on WOODWIND's cover will be exhibited. The poster was designed by Lloyd McNeill and printed by Lou Stovall.

DAVE MASON

an interview by Peter Barrychowka

ALL THOSE LITTLE THINGS .....



After several commercially and aesthetically successful lp's with Traffic and one less noteworthy venture with Mama Cass, Dave Mason, newly transplanted from his native British countryside, is very much trying to get it "alone together"–with the help of a very competent band, consisting of bassist Lonnie Turner, once with Steve Miller, drummer Rick Jaeger, organist Mark Jordan, once with Van Morrison, and conga player Rocko Dzidzornu.

Mason's recent nationwide tour included a stop in D.C. at Catholic University's gym on March 19, where several thousand people, in two shows, were treated to a tight set of some of Mason's more memorable tunes, including many from the Traffic days. Amidst the publicity surrounding the trouble with his record company and managers, with suits and counter-suits over his latest lp flying, Mason appeared humbly gratified to learn that his band sounded tighter and more musically together than Traffic during the latter's appearance here a year and a half ago.

The afternoon following his recent concert, we found Mason in a room at the Georgetown Inn, sipping tea in his bathrobe, idly staring as the quiz show on the color tv added the only light to the curtained room. He was very approachable, unlike most near-super-stars, and eager to provide answers to a variety of questions.

PC: Dave, I understand this is your first trip to Washington, D.C., for a concert. How were you impressed with the crowd and with the facilities, in general, last night?

DM: It was good. The facilities could have been a little better but it was the first time I've played (D.C.), you know, and you've got to start somewhere.

PC: This is part of your nationwide tour. What are some of the other cities you've played and how many more dates do you have on this present tour?

DM: Ah, let's see, I'm trying to think how many cities we've played...St. Louis we played in, and New York; we played at Providence, Stony Brook, Baltimore, and we've got about six more gigs to do.

PC: Of all those gigs you've played already, do any of the cities stand out as having particularly impressed you this time around...through either the crowds or the halls you played in or for any other reason?

DM: Not really. New York, I've been to quite a few times anyway; Stony Brook is a university, and a university's a university, it's kind of like you play one ...it's like you could be anywhere you know? But the cities are...this one's nice, it's got nice vibes, actually. At least this area we're in.

PC: This is the first time you've been here at all?

DM: Yeah. St. Louis is just totally, I mean, nothing. It's the most nothing feeling I could think of. It's just a really strange city. You know, sometimes you get just vibes from cities when you go there...really strange. This kind of reminds me of places like Toronto. It's like the kind of place where there's a sort of–it's really hard to pinpoint it–there's a small kind of cultural thing going on here, I should think so, there must be, on different levels, in many different ways. There's all sorts of politics and things going on here. I guess that makes it what it is.

PC: How long is it since you've played England or the Continent?

DM: England, oh god...about two years ago, two or three years ago. The last time I played England, actually, no, it was with Clapton, when I did Derek and the Dominoes. It was the first gig at the Lyceum Ballroom, I did two gigs with them.

PC: What's your feeling about so many English rock performers–I could name a whole list of them: John Lennon, yourself, among others–not having played England for a number of years...the rock scene seems to be shifting to the United States?

DM: Well, the rock scene's always been in the United States 'cause that's where it started. So you know, we just took what you got and sort of did a few things to it (laughs).

PC: How is the English music scene generally? I don't know how your contacts are lately since you've spent so much time in the States.

DM: I have no idea what the English music scene...usually I find it really boring every time I go back there. 'Cause there's no facility; it's not a country with too much facility like America.

PC: So you're into the United States now; are you contemplating remaining here long, perhaps moving here permanently?

DM: Well, yeah, I was gonna become an alien resident in the country and just live here for a while. I'd like to go back to England eventually but there really isn't much point, you know, 'cause there's really nothing for me to get into there.

PC: Do you plan to do your future recording in this country?

DM: Yes, or anywhere, in England, just wherever. Anytime I'm near a studio and there's something to record...mostly here, because I like the studios here.

PC: We were speaking earlier about rock as a performing art dying, due to the lack of available halls and other problems in many cities. Do you have any thoughts on that, especially in light of this present tour?

DM: The only reason why I think rock'n'roll was sort of getting...going down (hill)...I don't know whether it ever could, or whatever...but I mean there seems to be a conscious effort on one side to prevent a certain thing which comes about through rock'n'roll music, you know, like everybody likes to go to the concert and let it just hang loose, to get rid of whatever tensions everybody's got.

Like the other night when we were playing at Baltimore (Painter's Mill) and the police came on the stage; there weren't that many kids in the hall, it was about half full, I think, when we were playing, but they were just, nevertheless, they were really into it and they weren't about to damage anything, I don't think...

PC: Baltimore is especially notorious for its police at concerts...

DM: Well, the whole point is rock'n'roll gets to a point where there's a few people, there are a few groups, that just get the whole trip about a name because you get hotels smashed up, you get, you know, dressing rooms smashed up, halls get smashed up...older people see all this sort of negative violence going down and of course it freaks them out. It would freak me out to see people...I'm just trying to imagine, just watching...if I was them, and if I was in another position and watching someone, just watching that whole thing go down...it's pretty scary when you're on-stage, and you've got five or six thousand kids going nuts out there and they won't let you get off the stage.

So I can imagine where everybody else is at. And you've got all your fire precautions, and they've got to worry about what the fire department's thinking and everybody's worried about their ass and don't want to lose their job or whatever. All those little things...it's just that a lot of good things and a lot of bad things come out of rock'n'roll, like anything.

What I think it's going through more than anything is a process of kind of sortin' out the wheat from the chaff, and who's really got something to offer and who hasn't. There'll always be the pop music scene, the manufactured pop music catered to a certain market, to a certain audience, to a certain ear...there'll always be that. It's like, in the last few years, there's been this big sort of boom of things, right from the days–let's say about five years ago and before–when it started getting into the sort of psychedelic music and all that sort of thing. A lot of bad stuff came out at that time, really phony crap, you know, "I've seen god," (laughs) and "Suddenly I'm a great musician" or whatever. It's not quite like that. It takes a little work and it takes a little time...it doesn't take a little work, it takes a lot of work, you know, to get it all together and to make some music so that it comes off really well.

PC: Do you think that the music which a lot of rock people are doing today, especially those who have been around for a number of years–and I could think of the Beatles, who are performing individually now, as one example–do you feel the music they're producing in 1972 will be remembered as much as some of the great albums which came out in '67 and '68, "Sgt. Pepper," early Traffic ...do you think that the music that's going down today is as good?

DM: Sure, I mean...George Harrison's song "Something"...that's a song I think will be around a lot longer than some of the songs he wrote earlier. I don't know too much about McCartney 'cause I really haven't been listening to him recently.

It's kind of like listening to Linda Eastman's group featuring Paul McCartney, you know, so I really haven't listened to him too much. He's been going through the process of a union, I guess, in trying to decide how he's going to say what he wants to say through that. I don't know, it's strange. Lennon...yeah, he's done some...he's sort of gone through a whole sort of spewing forth of, you know, offloading all that stuff, putting it into tracks and putting it out. Of course, everybody can draw something out of that 'cause he's just throwing it all out like that...

PC: Including his famous cut "Two Minutes of Silence."

DM: (Laughs) I haven't heard all of his albums. I've got the one "Imagine." There are some things on there that are nice. I don't know really what else that I've heard that has really knocked me out recently. I don't know, 'cause I really haven't been listening to too many sounds.

PC: You've just been playing a lot yourself...

DM: Yeah.

PC: There's been a lot of publicity in the music industry press and elsewhere about your dissatisfaction with your present, or perhaps I should say former, record label, Blue Thumb. Has there ever been a point during your involvement in rock music, especially in producing records with Traffic and then as a solo artist, when you've been really satisfied with the product that the music industry has offered featuring your name on it?

DM: Oh, yeah, well "Alone Together" was a good album and the second Traffic album, I thought was really good, and that's about it.

PC: With the rest you weren't too happy, for one reason or another?

DM: Yeah. Well, the new album really isn't my new album because I hadn't finished it and the record company just put it out without me being able to finish it, which is kind of a drag.

PC: Didn't they try to make amends, after the fact, for having done that?

DM: Oh, no, they told me it was my fault, that I forced them into having to put out this material, this "inferior quality" product.

PC: So you of course would not consider going back with Blue Thumb for your next...

DM: Never. I mean I told them that I would wash dishes before I would ever go back with them.

PC: You've probably been asked frequently about your experiences in Traffic. I think there's a feeling among many people who are seriously into Traffic that you were never, or never considered yourself as a member, intimately, of Traffic ...that you never really saw yourself as part of Traffic–it was always Traffic with Dave Mason, or with Steve Winwood and Dave Mason. For example, did the personnel in Traffic ever live together in any sort of communal setting?

DM: Yes, when we first started. I mean, that's why practically every rock group in England lives out in the country now. Nobody else would. We just went out into a house, and there was no electricity and no hot water there and no nothing.

PC: What sort of country was it?

DM: Downs...it's rolling hills.

PC: How do you think that affected your music, being out there away from the city?

DM: Well, I don't really particularly dig the city anyway. Cities are really a strange environment, you know, well, from where I see, it's probably different if you're brought up and born in a city, 'cause then it's a way of life; but if you come from the country and you go to the city...like I remember the first time, coming from out of the country and going into London, you know, and you sort of look around and you swear at times that you see people that are machines, automatons, just walking around. That passes after awhile, as it all becomes familiar, but I was brought up in the country anyway so I'm not particularly into the city. It's interesting, but it confuses me more than it does anything else.

PC: How did you first get into music when you were younger, and begin to play guitar and write songs?

DM: I started playing the guitar when I was fifteen, just listening to records in England...what was happening, and just playing them and practicing and just listening to records and playing with records and...

PC: Who were some of the people you were listening to in that early period?

DM: Oh, then? The Shadows...and all those kind of things; instrumentals, it was all into instrumentals at that time. I didn't really go for songs, didn't like the lyrics, I was into the guitar so all I wanted to hear were instrumentals. And then I kind of got into vocals and just all kinds of music...the more I got into it, you know, the more I got into it!

PC: When did you first begin writing, especially lyrics, to your songs?

DM: I started writing when Traffic formed, and the first song I wrote was a hit for the group in England, it got a silver disc. It was called "Hole in My Shoe" ...that was the first song I ever wrote. Then, you know, I was just writing, from there.

PC: In retrospect, what were the main reasons behind your leaving Traffic?

DM: 'Cause it was all just too crazy, it was just too confusing. There didn't seem to be enough positive direction between everybody. And you couldn't sit down and discuss anything; everybody just wanted to play, play, play...all the time, which is o.k., but like sometimes I get bored playing. And there are some things that you can work out talking that you can't work out playing, and there are some things that you can work out playing that you can't by talking. It just wasn't quite cohesive enough and there was no direction. I don't know if Steve thought that I was trying to upstage him or whether people were telling him that I was trying to upstage him or whether, you know, like there was the song "Hole in My Shoe"...there was just a conflict in the group: half of the group didn't want it to come out as a single, the office and the management wanted it to be a single 'cause it was an obvious single and if its an obvious single, well, you might as well put it out as a single if you want a single. Just crazy, just things weren't utilized properly, people's talents weren't used in the right way so they all became a conflict. You know? Everybody got uptight with everybody else's ...what everybody else could do, instead of just saying "Well, o.k., get it on, just do whatever it is you're gonna do."

PC: You're considering staying in the United States in the future...how does the political situation, especially considering that this is an election year...

DM: I don't think about politics, man.

PC: You don't think about it at all?

DM: Politics is for politicians.

PC: Do you think that having Nixon in the White House in any way affects rock music or the counterculture that buys serious rock music, in any ways that you can discern from simply being into music?

DM: It just happens that it's Nixon, but whatever administration you've got in there, they're sure as hell going to try to calm down what's been going on in this country in the last few years.

PC: How do you think that will be reflected in the music...do you think that rock music can be calmed down, toned down or...

DM: Maybe a new war will come out of it. I imagine there will be a new outburst...I mean every generation has to have its outburst and its outlet, in some form or other. Society may as well create itself some release valves in order to accommodate those sort of things because its ridiculous, it seems to me, for there to be that gap created between older and younger people. And you can't blame young people at all...the blame has to rest with the older people and with their judgement.

It just seems to me society should leave those openings or try and be aware enough of what's going on so that you can leave enough room for it all to happen without disrupting all that other stuff, too...'cause this is the society that we've got and, I don't know, unless someone's got a much better alternative it might as well stay as it is. I haven't heard too many other good, viable alternatives.

PC: In discussing your reminiscences, you neglected to mention anything about your album with Mama Cass. How did you come to make the album and what do you think about it all now?

DM: Well, Cass was someone that I knew when I first came to America, and I used to hang out at her house with a whole bunch of other people...we'd like go up there every day and have barbecues and throw frisbees,and a guy from Wham-O came up there one day with all his expert throwers and there was this actor called Benny Caruthers who's really, he's just a wizard with frisbees...two in each hand, at the same time, and just bouncin' 'em off the ground and...crazy. Anyway, I used to sit around and sing and write, and I wrote a couple of songs up there and Cass and I, after just singing together, sittin' around singing together, and sing and write, and I wrote a couple of songs up there and Cass and I, after just singing together, sittin' around singing together, just decided, well, let's make an album. So we made an album. And that's how that came about.

PC: This is the first tour that you've all been playing together?

DM: Yeah.

PC: How many times have you toured the States previously?

DM: Ah, never...oh, except for the Delaney and Bonnie...the Blind Faith tour, playing guitar with Delaney and Bonnie. That's the only other time. I was kind of hidden there (laughs).

PC: Are you happier now with the arrangement you have with your present band?

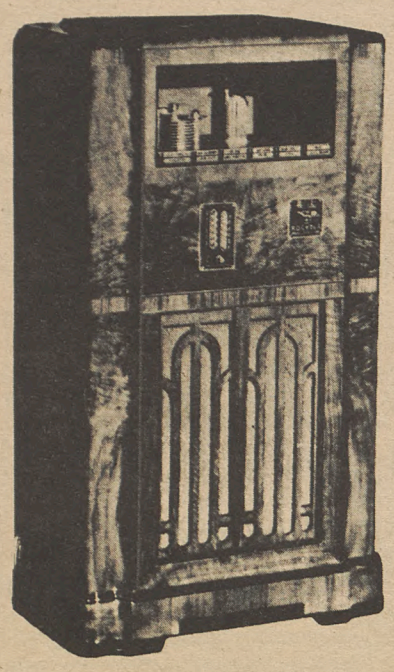
DM: Oh, yeah, yeah...it's really groovy. I lead the band and it's got to be that way, someone's got to do it, no matter what the band is, someone's got to give it some kind of direction. And the guys have their own freedom within the music to do whatever they want to do, in a sense, you know, playing-wise, 'cause there's room left to sort of get off every night, playing those things. It's a good band; they're great musicians, so it just pushes me all the time, too.

SCENARIOS FOR THE REVOLUTION IN PEPERLAND

by David Bowman

(an unguided tour of the Yellow Submarine, the animation industry, and the state of our Piscean world)

We shouted to the soldiers, 'Join us! Join us!' We believed that they might throw off their helmets and come to our side. We had girls, pot, food, community warmth, and weren't taking any orders. They were all regimented and controlled. It was the psychedelic vs. the linear, free vs. fixed, spontaneous vs. uptight. (Jerry Rubin, Do It!)



A week ago I happened to be reading Jerry Rubin's account of the Battle of the Pentagon, Oct. 21-22, 1967, while I was rolling a print of THE YELLOW SUBMARINE at the Library of Congress. I saw that the film's final battle between the Beatles and the Blue Meanies was a scenario for the revolution.

But the film is revolutionary in style too, and the great synthesis of revolutionary forces coming together during 1967-68, when the film was being made, especially the Beatles music, the anti-war movement, op-pop art, and the freaks and flowers the film was made for. Like the Beatles, THE YELLOW SUBMARINE is greater than the sum of its parts, and deserves to be remembered.

The story of the making of the film starts not so much with Heinz Edelmann, its designer, as with the great artistic head who inspired him, Saul Steinberg. Steinberg used to say that the purpose of his drawings is to make people feel there is something else beyond the perception, that he is playing with the voyage between the perception and the understanding, and that his work is a riddle in the form of a drawing. THE YELLOW SUBMARINE is a riddle in the form of thousands of drawings.

Remember Steinberg's LABYRINTH, at the dark end of the Ike-and-Dick era, with its fezzy parade of Shriners, its crocodiles, which he says all artists have behind them when they work, its mortuarial Uncle Sams, its Flying Gloves, its rocket-propelled abstractions, and YES fighting NO on vast empty landscapes where anything is possible because nothing is real but drawn by hands which draw other hands.

It's all in THE YELLOW SUBMARINE, images as well as ideas, doing their thermal dance through the noosphere, where nothing is real or at rest or comprehensible to Euclid, Newton, or Disney, but you feel Heraclitus, Einstein, and Joyce would have loved it, without caring what reels were shown in what order, the bourgeois hangup of the projectionist. It is a truly international film an Acquarian film, because it was inspired by the Beatles; designed by Heinz in Germany, himself inspired by a Hungarian in New York; animated by about six dozen Englishmen, Canadians, and Australians working in London; scripted and produced by Americans; and largely ignored by everyone except the admen, for whom it has been required viewing for about four years now.

THE YELLOW SUBMARINE created a revolution in graphic style, the yes-style, and singlehandedly revived a dying animation industry, which had fallen between dismal imitation of the Disney studios and the British flimsies, those funny little men with large noses and bowler hats who do whimsical things in the same droll way.

The idea for the film came in 1966 on the heels of a series of commercials using cartoon figures of the Beatles, part of them subcontracted to TV cartoons and George Dunning, who would direct THE YELLOW SUBMARINE. Since the commercials were pretty horrible, everyone knew a new designer was needed. Charlie Jenkins, who did many of the finest parts of the film, suggested Heinz Edelmann, and that was that.

Charlie told me that King Features was "apprehensive, but nevertheless interested, simply because they were treading on new ground, and the first and foremost ambition was to make money. There they had the Beatles music, the rights to use it in animation–they got a plot from United Artists–and the money to do it, so they weren't going to fail by making it a picture for intellectuals."

King Features were rather bludgeoned into doing it the animators' way, be-

cause everyone in London ignored their doubts, and the thing progressed into a two-minute pilot film, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," done by Bill Sewell. Lucy proved to be the keystone of the best King Features show since their thirteen-part Flash Gordon serial done in the 1930's. "They got such a reaction to it," Charlie said, "like Americans do when they react, it was terrific, they had Lucy running constantly on a loop in the foyer of King Features."

The Americans were knocked out by their own stuff. Old stuff at that, from the Golden Age of Movies. Lucy was done with an animation technique devised by the Disney Studios back in the 1930's and called rotoscoping, where live-action film is projected onto celluloid sheets, one frame at a time, then traced off, then painted various ways, then rephotographed like any ordinary animation. Disney had resorted to it for Prince Charming and Snow White so they would look like beautiful people, circa 1936, and not like pigs, mice, or dogs. The fact that they look like Frederick March and Ruby Keeler is coincidental, as is the fact that the Lucy sequence was rotoscoped from Old Busy Berkeley clips of the same vintage.

"Eleanor Rigby," with its surrealistic street scenes of Liverpool, was another departure from Heinz's design; it was done by Charlie Jenkins and Sue Willis without the knowledge of King Features. "When they saw the thing they were horrified, and took an instant dislike to it, until the Sunday papers saw it and point out WOW this is like animated Warhol, so it soon became a terrific thing for the producer, Al Brodax, to point out we were using Warhol, Picasso, Beardsley, Bridget Riley, it's all going into the film, we're using everything; we're swallowing up everything, it's all going in, you're getting great value for your money."

And they were. From then on, everyone got their own way, without being cautious, routine, or look-alike. It was a genuine attempt to experiment and it succeeded. This time no one had to worry about stuffy old clients, the Blue Meanies, or where the money would come from, because it was there with all the Beatle's magic, who saved the British cultural economy almost single-handedly, without stopping to be thanked for it.

So Charlie did the title sequence, because it had to be done, at the last minute, and the Eleanor Rigby sequence, and the Northern Song sequence, but he also built the model for the Yellow Sub itself, and got all the trajectory work done for it, less artistic than servicable, because it ahd to be done.

"Northern Song" was a sequence of cubes, using posterized caricatures of Beatles faces, with some op-geometry applied, and a nonsense song, using an oscilliscope image integrated into it, just to break up the monotony for the people sitting in the audience.

The monotony of a cartoon feature is even more intense than the monotony of a live-action feature. Perhaps United Artists realized this when they billed it as "animated live-action extravaganza." So about six dozen artists knocked themselves out to keep it alive and as extravagant as possible. Everything was thrown in, integrated, artistically united, from one moment to the next: rotoscoping, multiplane, photo-stenciled silk screen, polarizing filters, stills animation, cutouts, watercolor backgrounds, oscilloscopes, travelling mattes, live-action superimpositions, pixillation, EVERYTHING, plus op art, puns, parodies, private jokes, whimsies, and great gobs of nonsense.

Synthesis, the great synthesis, like the Beatles themselves, the whole greater than the sum of its parts, synergistics, or at least synthetics, but real synthetics, that do something good together, not the imitation plastic you pay $3 to see downtown.

Yet THE YELLOW SUBMARINE is not a film, but a series of films, an anthology of animation, exciting for themselves, stickytaped together with Beatles music and a thin jokey storyline manufactured at the last minute by Eric

Beatles music and a thin jokey storyline manufactured at the last minute by Erich

Segal (author of Love Story, authority on classical Roman comedy, PhD, who parodied himself and his academic kind as the Nowhere Man, Jeremy Hillary Boob, PhD, "polyglot classical, hard-biting satirist, good dentist too") and by Segal's friends at King Features.

The film's subtitle, NOTHING IS REAL, means among other things that it's all in the mind, as we shall see, and that everything is disguised. The film can be read like the Book of Revelations, provided you have the keys to it, drawn by the animators themselves. Its heroes are lovable freaks; its villains are lovable fascists.

The Blue Meanies have Mickey Mouse ears and Pluto ears, which makes them Disney Agents. They wear cowboy boots and spurs and robber masks, which makes them a bit like American agents of LBJ circa 1967, and they are blue, the color of cops, jet jockeys, and tories, which makes them politically distinguishable from the Red Meanies. Their weaponry is unmistakably now, like the Anti-Music Missile, the glass balloon fired out of its underground silo to bag up Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band; the Count Down Clowns, with their nose-cone noses and buttons lighting up like computer displays; the sinister Flying Glove, a heat-seeking missile which sends out red-and-yellow stripes from its blue body; and the other weaponry which blow away the trees, incinerate and defoliate the greenery, bleaching the color out of Pepperland and freezing its people, like an aerial Mace, dis-animating them and therefore destroying them.

At the head of the Meanies is the megalomaniac Chief Blue Meanie, said to be modeled on newsreels of Hitler (a safe thing to say) but wearing cowboy boots and spurs. Sometimes he shrieks and pulls his general lackey Max's beagle ears; sometimes he croons a soft Guy Lombardo phrase. "Hail to the Chief" is not played, but the CBM is as much LBJ as AH. In short, a thoroughly lovable villain.

The Meanie legions include the Hidden Persuaders, bald business mafia who smoke cigars, wear double breasted suits, hold chalices with martini olive eyes

and shoot from their shoes; tanned Marshall Ky types in sunglasses, moustaches, olive drab tunics and high-braid hats; the fezzed Snapping Turtle Turks, with shark-snapping stomachs; squat little moneybag monsters numbered 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10; the people-stoning Apple Bonkers, who drop money-green apples on talent in Pepperland, because they are mortuarial Uncle Sams, and the money always comes out of the Big Apple – where the "petrified mountain spires" referred to in the film's original script are located.

At this point things get very iffy, like interpretations of Lewis Carroll's fantasies, which THE YELLOW SUBMARINE at times very much resembles, as it resembles in other ways recent animation like Lenica's Labyrinth, Trnka's Ruka, or Borowcysk's Astronauts. Still, guessing is irresistable.

Are the Kinky Boot Beasts reminders of the aggressive girl fans, in their kinky boots and Kings Road gear, who used to assault the Beatles and their wives?

Is Pepperland meant to be another Cockaigne, the land of idleness and plenty, identified with London, or is it Cocaine, pepper itself, the land of pleasant no-feeling? Is 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' the band of British soldiers demobilized after their finest hour, doomed to finish out their days in pubs and pleasant idleness; is this the meaning of the opening lines of the song that 'twenty years ago today', circa 1945, the band began to play?

Is this the reason for the Pepperlander's period costumes from the not long ago Edwardian and Georgian eras, reminders of the good old days before the Americanization of England?

The year on the Yellow Sub dial says 2000, to date their Aquarian trip, then flips back to 1959, the year the Beatles came to the rescue, then rolls back year-by-year (and frame-by-frame) to 1913. But when the Sub reverses itself in the Sea of Time, the years begin with 1919, roll forward to 1959, then return to 2000 and forward to the perilous future.

If THE YELLOW SUBMARINE means anything besides mindless entertainment, the meaning is here in Pepperland sinking beneath the waves of economic imperialism which animators, as the wage-slaves of advertising, have known and felt for many years. Pepperland speaks English; the Blue Meanies scream in American.

In fact, the Seven Seas the Beatles must get through are the horrors of an admad world: THE SEA OF CONSUMER PRODUCTS, the pills to be pushed, THE SEA OF MUSIC, the sugar-coated jingle, THE SEA OF TIME, squeezing and stretching to fit air-time spots, THE SEA OF MONSTERS, the chimeras of crack-brained, overstrained genius, THE SEA OF PHRENOLOGY, where head gears turn overtime, THE SEA OF HOLES, dreading noughts and losses, and the SEA OF GREEN, in-rolling money.

The best monster they meet in these seas is the Vacuum Flask Monster, the vacuum tube of television, the voracious Box, which is so voracious that it sucks up everything, sooner or later, good and bad alike, disasters, commercials, old movies, reputations, privacy, death, music, and all of us, just to get itself through one week of air-time.

Animators know that the Box sucks up commercials as fast as they can be made, but it does worse things. It bleaches out the art, for who among us sees their true colors. It distorts the image, down to a few square inches called the Safe Image Area, outside of which all is lost in the furry-blurry.

Worst of all, the Box is absolutely impartial, egalitarian, latitudinarian, non-discriminating, like social democracy. Its bad commercials sell just as well as its good commercials -maybe even better- and the Hidden Persuaders know this. So still employed are the funny little men, straight from the pages of How to Draw Cartoons, inspired by UPA figures like Mr. Magoo, himself drawn as a protest against the sanitized-deodorized Disney animals which we still think of as what animation should be.

So, THE YELLOW SUBMARINE is the animator's revenge, both a political and a personal statement, cleverly concealing the bites at the only hands feeding him these days. Since the cinema stopped buying animation, animators have had to succumb to the Blue Meanies, their hardware and their software. The way out for the Pepperlanders is to send for the Beatles to rescue them; and of course the Beatles do, by reviving animation as well as British exports, arts, and popular culture, and by inspiring THE YELLOW SUBMARINE to be made.

But the Y(e)S-style is also a YES-mood, and YES, coupled to LOVE, in great block letters is what saves Pepperland from the Blue Meanies. All you need is LOVE, et cetera, and everything turns out right. It's all in the mind, y'know. It is manic, mind-expanding stuff, like Joyce:

> LORD MAYOR: Four scores and thirty-two bars ago our fore-fathers –
> FRED: Quartet –
> LORD MAYOR: And fore-mothers –
> FRED: Another quartet –
> LORD MAYOR: Made it, in this Yellow Submarine

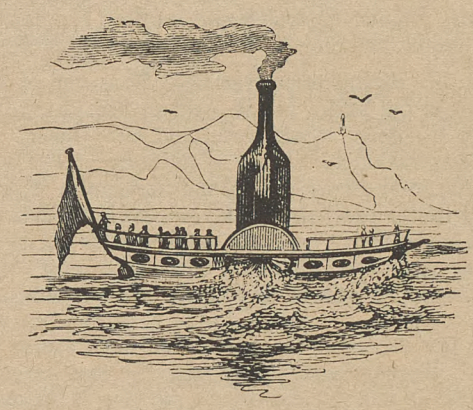
like Einstein,

> GEORGE: What's happening, John?
> JOHN: Well, in my opinion we've become involved in Einstein's time and space continuum theory.
> RINGO: Oh, aye.
> JOHN: Relatively speaking, that is.
> RINGO: Maybe time's going on strike.
> PAUL: What for?
> RINGO: Shorter hours. . . there's a 24 hour day, isn't there?
> GEORGE: Hey look Everything's getting bigger.
> JOHN: It's not. It's us that are getting smaller.

and all in all like amphetamines, "causing profound psychic effects, wakefulness, and mental alertness, increased initiative and elevation in mood, euphoria or elation, lessened sense of fatigue, talkativeness, and increased ability to concentrate, especially on solving problems," which is at once a prescription for the ills of our Piscean world and the most concise review of the film, available, not from a critic, but from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, itself brought out by American money and shipped to Chicago.

Let us remember the wild fine fun of THE YELLOW SUBMARINE: remember the demonstration of how long sixty seconds is by animating each second with twenty-four frames; remember John's cosmological query that maybe we're all part of a vast Yellow Submarine fleet; remember the death of that speech which used to stir Englishmen to die for King and Country whenever HENRY THE FIFTH was revived, when the Chief Blue Meanie says "Once more into the breach, dear Meanies;" and remember the truly subversive passages about rallying the land to rebellion, since the whole world's being attacked.

Then let us remember that THE YELLOW SUBMARINE is a sad film: because it shows an animated England in costumes before its finest hour, now passed; because it shows the Beatles together, artists united, instead of split up; and because its happy scenario for the world cannot possibly come true.



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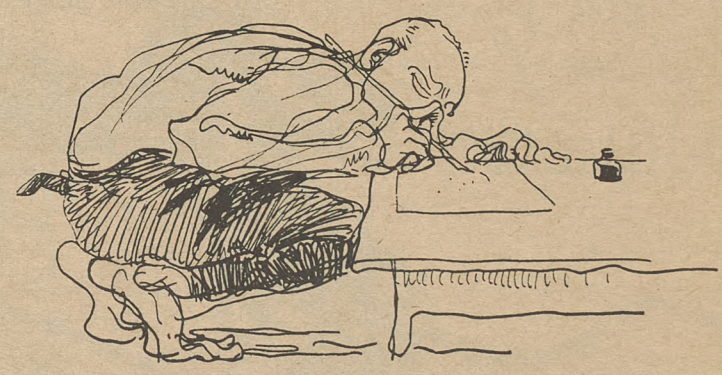

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abner jay

Kirk Cheyfitz

Abner Jay playing his hambone

Abner Jay on the subject of the banjo:

"Now the banjo; you take the banjo. Everybody says I'm an Uncle Tom 'cause I play the banjo. They say the banjo is a white man's instrument, that it's a hillbilly instrument. But that's just plain wrong. A black man invented the banjo. And now black people won't even go near one. I'm the only black man I know who plays the banjo."

Silence. Everyone seems stunned by this careful enunciation of what Abner considers to be a gross historical misperception. Someone whispers near my ear, a calm, conciliatory voice, "Abner's never heard of Taj Mahal." I note this oversight, remind myself that Taj is black and plays, among other things, the bango, and then Abner continues.

Abner Jay on the subject of love and hate:

"The black man has been taught to hate what he ought to love, and to love what he ought to hate," he says. "And I would just like to help set that straight."

Abner Jay is a musician. A black man. He is perhaps 56 years old. He will not give his exact age, but says he first began playing at 14 and has been performing professionally for the past 42 years. He was born and raised in southern Georgia, on the banks of the Swanee River ("The reason I am so big, and so black, and so healthy, is that I would lie down on my belly and drink the water from the banks of that Swanee River.")

He is, currently, married to his seventh wife, Brandy, and has sixteen children ("Well, that's just the ones that are still living at home.") Home is Atlanta, Georgia where Abner performs six nights a week in a restaurant in Atlanta Underground, the city's most popular entertainment section. He plays continuously for six hours a night, no breaks, and receives $350 a week for his efforts.

Abner's music is part of a disappearing tradition. He is one of the last of the one man bands, playing six-string banjo, hi-hat cymbal, bass drum, and harmonica all at one time. He sings in a deep, rough voice, and talks during the instrumentals, giving long detailed accounts of the history of the song, how it was written, how it has been misinterpreted, how he feels it should be viewed. Without schooling, he has conquered one of journalism's most vital devices – he states his opinions as if they were incontrovertible fact – and the result can be either pure joy over his self-confidence and his absolute conviction that he is right, or pure rage at his seeming self-righteousness, his lack of flexibility. It all depends on your point of view.

Abner has produced two records, "Swanee Water and Cocaine Blues" and "The True Story of Dixie." He borrowed the money for the first production from a local Atlanta bank, and he sells the records to patrons at the restaurant where he works. So far, the receipts from sales of his first record have payed back that initial loan, financed the recording and pressing of the second album, and bought a gold Cadillac for Abner. Abner is very proud of the car, and very proud of the fact that he made his records in spite of the discouraging words and the runaround that various Nashville music business executives gave him when he approached their companies for a recording contract.

Dick Cerri, resident folk music expert on WETA-FM, can be credited with introducing the music and thought of Abner Jay to Washington audiences. About two months ago, Cerri aired the entire "Swanee Water" LP on his regular afternoon radio show and then, in response to some positive phone calls and several inquires about where the record might be purchased, he pushed Abner's music for two solid weeks, with heavy air-play of the record and regular announcements of the address where it could be ordered.

At length, having been deluged with record orders and phone calls, Abner packed himself and his equipment into a station wagon and came north to "see what all the fuss was about."

When he arrived here, Abner contacted WETA and wound up doing a number of live broadcasts on Cerri's show. Cerri was then able to steer him into appearances on WTTG's Panorama and various radio stations. In addition, Abner has now performed at the Brickskeller on two separate week-ends, and it would appear that he will be back again in the not-too-distant future. In short, Cerri has made Abner into something of a local celebrity.

Whatever else you might think about Abner, there are two things that should be clear to everyone: First, Abner Jay is the one, the only, the original Abner Jay. No one is doing anything even vaguely similar to what he is doing. Second, to listen to Abner's music is to come into intimate contact with the man. There is very little artifice about Abner's performing and, consequently, there is very little distinction between the man and his art. Listening to his records is like meeting him. You feel personally confronted, and you realize that if you wind up liking the music, it will probably be because you liked Abner's spirit, not because of any abstract aesthetic reasons.

As far as the future goes, Cerri, who insists that he is Abner's "adviser" and not his manager, would like to see Abner performing at college concerts. Apparently, a few tentative offers from major record labels have also come in.

Meanwhile, Abner is enjoying his new-found notoriety in this area. He loves "educating" people, he loves to talk, and here in Washington he has been given his first opportunity to do all this for a relatively large audience.

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at the movies

WASHINGTON REVIEWING SOCIETY

The AFI theatre from April 3 - 15 is giving us an interesting mix of Erich Von Stroheim, Charlie Chaplin, and some short films from Washington area filmmakers. The emphasis is on Stroheim as the AFI is trying to show every film that he directed. The series is important as Stroheim is considered by virtually all contemporary filmmakers to be at least a film genius and by many as the prime source of film art. During his career as a director (slightly over ten years) he repeatedly found himself screwed to the wall and emasculated by all the major studios. Stroheim's bizzare ideas and grandiose style usually put him over the heads of the film bosses and over the budgets the studios had allowed him. Neither of these things endeared him to anyone in power, so, likely as not, he found himself taken off pictures in the middle of production and hack directors substituted to bring the film in under budget. Those films that he did finish were usually slashed to shreds in the cutting room because the studios felt that they were too sophisticated for general audiences or, at least, always too long. Because of all this, we have very little unadulterated Von Stroheim to study. The best we can do is to look at all the bits and pieces and try to get a feeling for his work as a whole. It's almost impossible to put Stroheim across in print. The only way to know him is to see his movies. Some are terrible for various reasons, but some are undeniably great and all are at least interesting.

The series kicks off April 3 with the first film that Von Stroheim ever directed. The idea is typically his – an American surgeon and his wife are holidaying in the Alps where the neglected wife begins flirting with an Austrian Lieutenant (Von Stroheim). The surgeon and the lieutenant go mountain climbing and after accusing the lieutenant of seducing his wife, the husband causes Von Stroheim to fall off a cliff. Later the surgeon realizes that his suspicions were unfounded and he was all wrong about the lieutenant. A very Von Stroheim plot. Also a piece of The Unbeliever will be shown. One of the several films where Von Stroheim was typecast (brilliantly) as the mad Hun. April 4 is Merry-Go-Round, envisioned by Stroheim as a love story reflecting the decay and dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire. It never quite came across as he was taken off the picture in the middle and Rupert Julien substituted. The result is a weak sister Stroheim with only his original sequences to recommend it. Perhaps it was all for the good as Stroheim left Universal after this film and went to Goldwyn to make Greed. The same night is Hello Sister which is another film in which he was replaced. The result has possibly less to recommend it than Merry-Go-Round, though it's still fun to go and pick out the Stroheim.

THE MERRY WIDOW

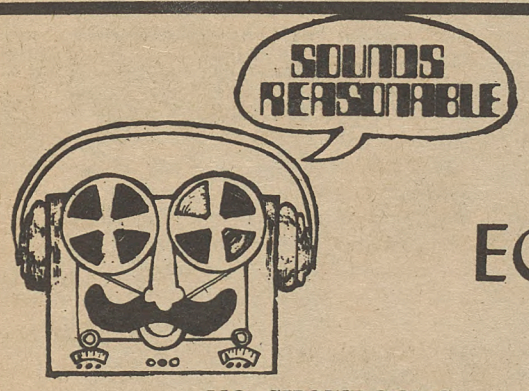
Thursday, April 6 8 p.m.

THE KID

Saturday, April 15 8 p.m.

April 6 is a good one, The Merry Widow, featuring two of the finest villians of all time. On April 7, a two hour version of Greed will be shown. Stroheim's original version was seven hours long, though of course it was chopped up by the studio. Over the years, bits and pieces have turned up, creating legends of scenes still lurking in closets and attics. This version is thought to be all that will ever be found. April 8th is Sunset Boulevard with Stroheim as Gloria Swanson's chauffeur in a legendary Hollywood. Directed by Billy Wilder, with some great moments. April 9th is The Wedding March, another film chopped in half by the studio. Last days of the decadent Hapsburg Empire. April 10th is The Great Gabbo, Stroheim playing a mad ventriloquist in a terrible, but amazing film. The end sequences show Stroheim as the brilliant actor he was. Stroheim goes completely mad and wanders the streets with his dummy dangling by one leg, a mad leer on his face; seemingly a direct inspiration for Blue Angel. April 11 is La Grande Illusion which is nothing less than one of the finest films ever made by anyone. April 12 is Foolish Wives, of special interest as this version was only recently assembled by the AFI and has never been seen before. April 14 is The Lost Squadron in which Stroheim plays an evil film director making a WWI flying film. Also playing that night is Devil Doll, a horror film made with Todd Browning (Freaks). Stroheim and Browning are fantastic together, evil compounds evil.

As a separate program, a series of films by Washington filmakers will be shown. I was surprised by the general competence of all of these films and especially by the short film Blue Suede Shoes which is an unpretentious joy. The Charlie Chaplin films are to be shown on the 15th. They are the immortal The Kid, with Jackie Coogan and The Idle Class, neither of which I should denigrate by blabbering on. All in all, a fine series.



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KOSTO FRAMERS

Swimming from the landing
to the island
and
back is two miles
My muscles pull and burn
with satisfaction
peering through the
glass green water world
soft light filters from
the apricot setting sun
framed by misty jade
trees on the far shore
I thought of life
man
his struggle for survival
and then swam harder
toward
shore

*****Richard Steward

CONTRASTS AT THE WATERSHED

To honor and love are verbs
Of accountability
I do not signify them
On such a broad basis
Reducing their quality
But there are
Explicit things
One can do–

If God is just the air
You could do the breezy dance
For instance!

You act superior about that
But being different
We're still the same
Except for individual amounts
Of some beautiful waste
Produced–in person.

*****Grace Cavalieri

THE TEACHER PRIEST

being stood on his hill,
bending with the breeze,
his invisible glasses pierced the somber face
and brought on an eerie glare
ladies say he has strange
insighted eyes.

who is this man?

he pounced on us all
running and tearing apart in his own
damned fist
and
decided to face the squad.
of us?

he had a hell of alot of gall
standing in his white yellowed robes
not even armored to his teeth
;unlike all the others before him.
this man,
this almost savage unbelievable man
pounded on our doors
to make us
listenandchatwith him anywayhe'skinda
COOL

his eyes are beginning to show
through the glasses
and.

then he took us to bed
and made love to us all
(with us.
suddenly quitebymistake or else i'm mad-
we understood,
we thoroughly understood.
sweating like horses after our frantic gallop
and flustered in our red embarassment,
we begged
for because he
was only some wild bezerk crazy teacher priest
with alot of nerve

he's lost his glasses now
except they're on his face.
the glare the glare the
glare is gone somehow.

*****annie

A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR ANNIE

The dry, winter wind making your eyes narrow.
The brown-tipped, grey-trunked birch trees.
The red-tailed hawk above flying straight.
In her talons a soft furry body,
For her hungry children.

*****Mountaingoat

Out of the night as dark as day
Was a man born Jesus
Who was heard to say
No person will live
As though I had not,

I alone, I can give
What I never got.
My passion is warmer
Than the sun
My heart is the flower
Where the rivers run
And I love you, as much as I can,
And I condemn you to life.
Spill my heart in the sane.

Jesus
Was a heavy dude.

***** copyright 1971 by Jesse Lou McCarty

Silent words on soft white backgrounds
With soft browns and greys and blues
And distant radiant purples and hues
Of multicolored planes of geometric orgin
Flashing on a beam to bus line schedules
Heading south with the passenger's hands
Speeding Greyhound in the night

Soft feathers brushing against the side
Of the original patent model cotton
Sanforized easy on my morning mind
Hangover of my head lying
To fold up the bed and find the best orange juice
This side of Jacksonville

Massive steel and leather door swinging down
And out past the shoulders of the eye
To envelope me again in Autumn's flight
Running down to the edge of the earth
To stop and find that its really worth
Nothing

e Mad Poet

I

He spoke to me.
The thunder of his voice
Was echoed in the thrust of turbines
Singing there electrons
From the source to the release.

Spirit of God
As Thou didst move
Upon the waters of initial void,
Dividing heaven from earth
Dispel my chaos.

II

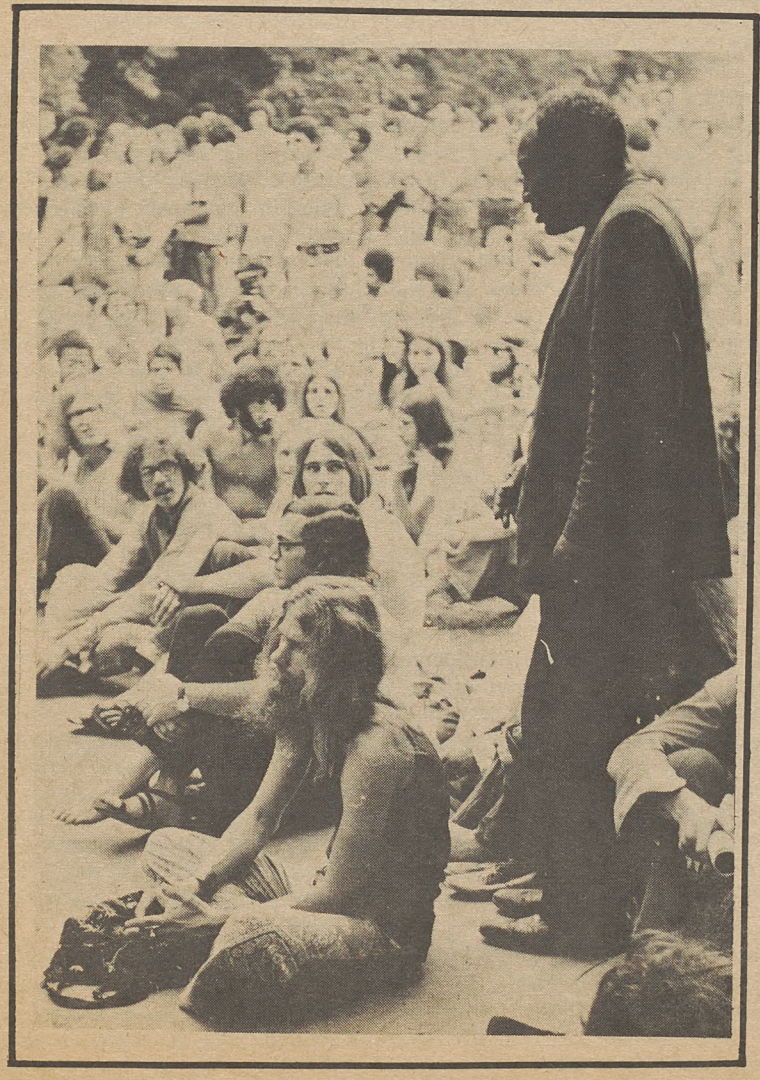
On the highway of the King
I am a single stone
Unnoticed:
Yet absent,
Could cause one white horse
to stumble,
And delay His coming.

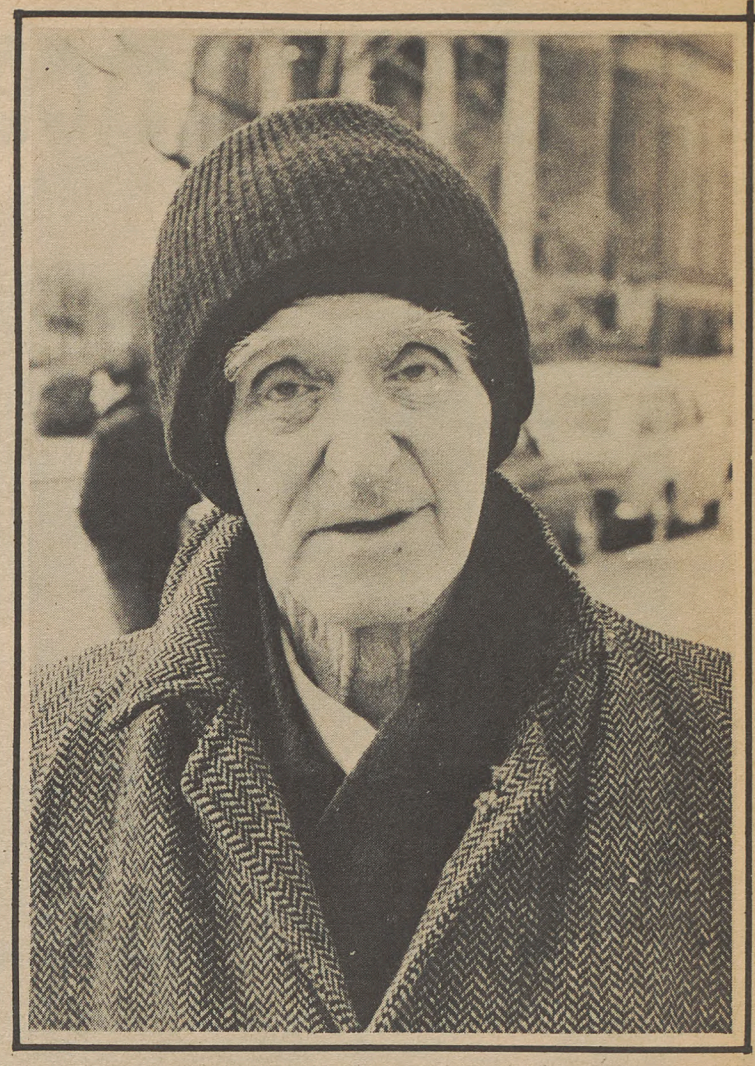
*****Kashi Alexander Rahman

TO MY 2ND COUSINS FAST ASLEEP

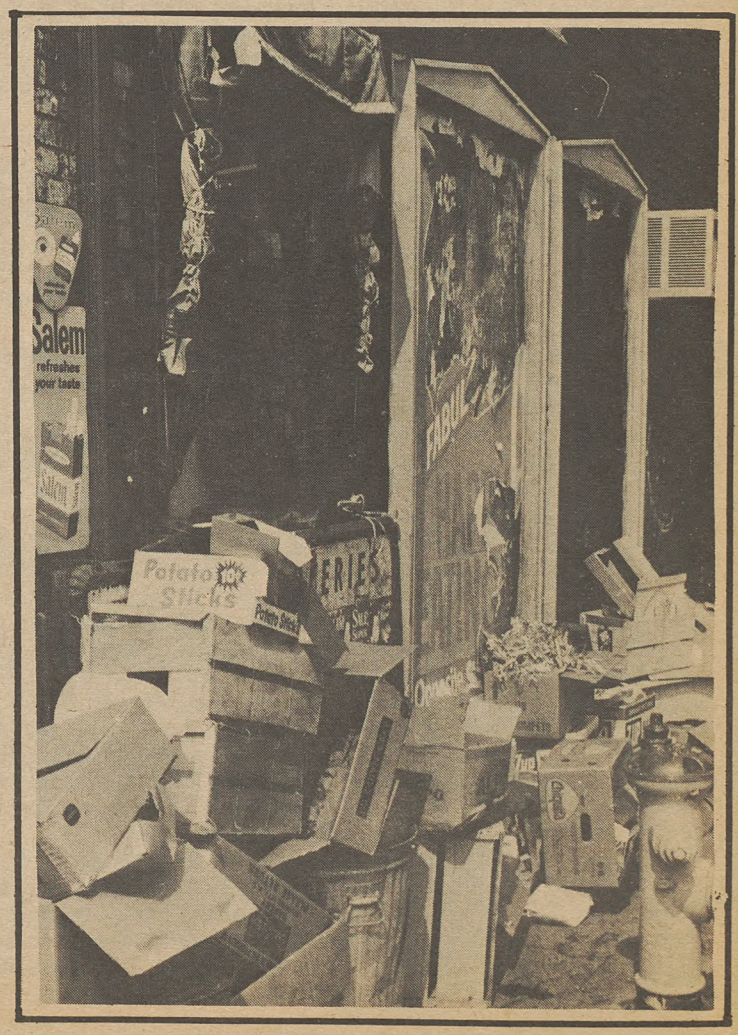
Stacey breathe deep; and Kip
your sleep divines a passion for the end
to join you with a bird
unthreading melody to tradewind dreams
unfurl your dreaming eyes
that I might lapse and lay my late demise
as Saturn for your sleep.
Conjunction was a blight for mariners
the seamless sleep of sea
would greedless tap a life
still blazing from a luxury of smiles.
But here a dreaming startled swirling world
elaborates a tracery; you child
escaping in your labyrinth of bliss
would not mistake designer for a kiss
your spellbound writhing, stillness
is extended for your face, as if
you see that flame as light disgrace.
But terrible that sight had not you eyes
for then you must become, must hypnotize
the world for your delusion
so that at a glance it seems a place
where graceless go
and wizards dream their grace.
But now I know you're there
the both of you–and so
the constellated mercies of my voice
at least delight this welcoming you serve
without your voices and without your eyes
you suffer me–premediated sighs
to dip my brain the depth your beauty signifies.

*****Mi ke Jones

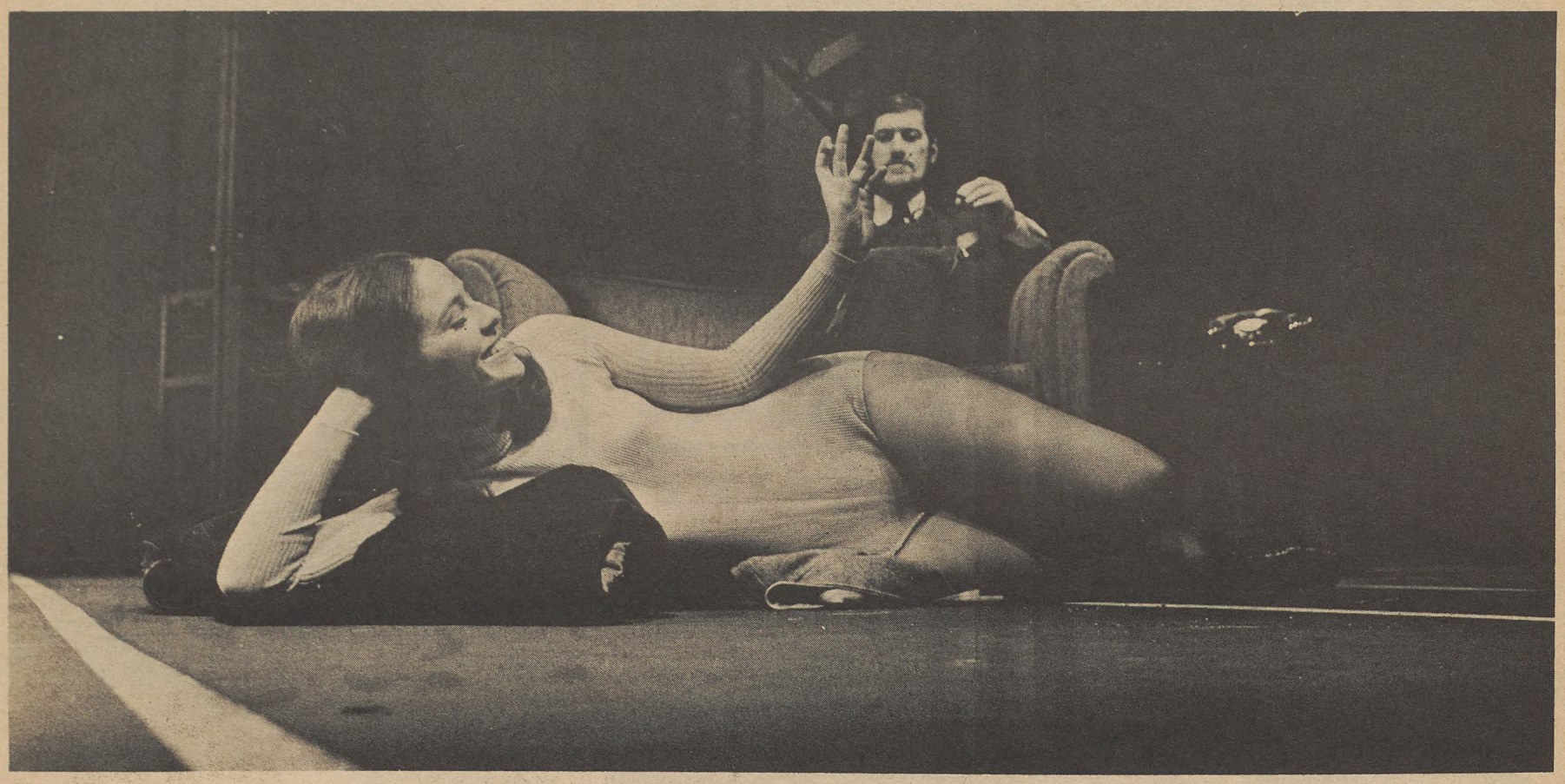




Bob
Theodore



performance by NED CHAILLET



UPTIGHT By GUNTER GRASS
at the Kreeger Theatre

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK By JEAN–CLAUDE CARRIERE

at the Eisenhower Theatre

WASHINGTON SQUARE By KENNETH JEROME and JEROME WALMAN

at the Washington Theatre Club

WASHINGTON STAGES HAVE BEEN FILLED by heavyweight theatre talents for the last few weeks. To the already present and considerable talents of Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo in Purlie at the National, and Ingrid Bergman in Bernard Shaw's Captain Brassbound's Conversion at the Opera House, three new works premiered, filled with intelligent direction and skilled performers.

Since it is far and away the most important opening, and a theatrical coup of sorts, Alan Schneider's direction of GUNTER GRASS'S UPTIGHT must be reckoned a resounding achievement. The play itself is precariously close to being nothing more than an animated discussion, even filled as it is with striking theatrical images, including a dentist and his dentist chair and a pair of high school students spinning incessantly around the stage on bicycles. For the play is really a play of ideas and the images rapidly lose their impact in the philosophical debate at the heart of the work.

Schneider's staging, however, is so well paced and adroit that the imminence of boredom which hovers over the play is cast aside and Grass's text is relieved as a complex and invigorating comedy about commitment and political action. The situation of Grass's most recent novel, Local Anesthetic, and concern a fortyish, leftish high school teacher in West Berlin who is brought to a personal moral and political crisis when his favorite pupil decides to burn a dog in front of a fashionable sidewalk cafe in protest of the complacency of Berliners in the face of American napalming in Vietnam.

The teacher, Starusch, aka "Old Hardy," brings the problem to his philosophical, Seneca-quoting dentist, and ultimately brings the pupil, Scherbaum, aka "Flip," to the dentist. There are women in the lives of both Old Hardy and Flip; women who find themselves caught up in the debate on the wisdom of the immolation that takes place between Hardy and Flip. Flip's girlfriend, called Vero, is a Maoist carrying and quoting from the little red book and apparently the main force behind Flip's idea to immolate his dog, called Max.

The woman in Old Hardy's life is another teacher, Irmgard Seifert, aka the "Archangel," whose own life is in turmoil since she re-discovered letters she had written when she was 17, denouncing a local farmer to the Nazi authorities. Her guilt drives her from extreme to extreme. First, she wants to give up teaching. Then, learning of Flip's intended act, she wants to report him to the police; then she sees him as a 17-year-old saviour, probably of her long-past, 17-year-old self.

The issues raised are valid and relevant, the Nazi past hovers over America as much as over Germany and the complacent acceptance of the horrors of napalm and bombing have been testified to by returning American soldiers. Engagement and commitment are obviously necessary, despite the dentist's dismissal of all action as bad, but the Archangel's rashness at 17 serves as a warning and the consequences of Scherbaum's proposed act deserve study.

Pragmatically, Scherbaum's act might lose its meaning in the commotion that surrounded the burning. He could probably succeed in dousing Max with gasoline, setting him on fire and displaying handbills relating the burning to American napalming, but, as Old Hardy points out, he would certainly be beaten by enraged dog-loving Berliners and he could possibly be killed. Regardless of what happened, there is very little likelihood that the act would have any practical effect at stopping napalming or the Vietnam War.

But what other alternatives are there for Scherbaum? If he doesn't burn his dog, he can only step out of political action until he's older; or, and this is the alternative offered at the outset of the play, he can become editor-in-chief of the school newspaper and editorially work for a smoking area for his fellow students. These are very different fire rites, but the choice doesn't seem to have much meaning except in the enormous philosophical difference between the act of revolution and the act of compromise solution. Effectively, there may be no difference.

The materials of the play are the sort of things which might bitterly divide an audience. The conservative Senecan philosophy of the dentist drew cheers in the Berlin opening of the play when it was known as Daver. In this beautiful translation by A. Leslie Willson and Ralph Manheim, the dentist should still point up the play's polarities; conservatives should still stand up and cheer some of his statements; and Vero's radicalism should still score effective points. Unfortunately, either the audience or the production failed in this aspect of engagement, and it's altogether pleasant. I suspect that a major problem is the American attitude toward radicalism, and Vero simply isn't taken at all seriously because of the extreme radicalism she professes. She was funny in Berlin, but radicals, funny or not, are taken seriously there, so she was taken seriously. In Washington, D.C., she is simply ridiculous because radicals are seen as ridiculous. Still, the dentist does manage to represent a new sort of father-confessor in Grass's vision of a technocratic, unfeeling, partially anesthetized world. And the audience does manage a partially anesthetized understanding of the issues.

There may be some fault in the play's cosmetic updating. Though it is only three years old, it is already an historical play and it doesn't do to try to make it contemporary. The Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia is mentioned as four years past, which it now is, but Ho Chi Minh is now dead and chanting his name is not politically current. The attitudes and emotions of Berliners and Americans concerning Vietnam are greatly changed and the horror of napalm has been subsumed in the manifold horrors of My Lai and the Pentagon Papers. The time of the play should have remained in the past.

Nonetheless, and all things considered, the play is a rare evening of intelligent and challenging theatre, truthful and serious, dealing with the very real problem of middle-class confusion and malaise in post-War Germany and the post-War Western world. The wit and massive talent of Grass has been well-represented in Schneider's direction and the crucial role of Old Hardy has been masterfully portrayed by Paul Benedict with enormous sensitivity and power.

Schneider's effort to speed the play along with original music by Michael Valenti has helped a great deal and the setting by Santo Loquasto is ideal in the Kreeger's intimate space. All in all, it makes for a fine melding of author's text and director's vision and the result is worth the time of any perceptive play-goer.

ON A MUCH LIGHTER LEVEL, Jerome Kilty's American adaptation of JEAN–CLAUDE CARRIERE'S THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK is an interesting experiment from the French Boulevard theatre. The play is a two-character comedy that's managed to run for two years in Paris and the author is another major talent who has written screenplays for such major directors as Louis Malle, Luis Bunuel, and Milos Forman.

I feel myself somewhat in the position of defender of this play, though I'm not really satisfied with it, since I feel that it has been unfairly dismissed by several critics in the city. It's obviously not a finished, set production, ready to go on unchanged to New York, but there is so much in it that can make one laugh and the talents involved are so enormously successful in their spheres that it should not be dismissed as worthless.

It is a comedy based so thoroughly in the French absurdist tradition of Ionesco and yet so obviously designed for the Boulevard theatres that it may be an important work in the development of modern theatre. Symptomatically important, maybe, rather than seriously important by itself, but important.

Americans have never made much of French absurdists, though the Marx Brothers are second cousins and Harold Pinter's elaborate puzzles with no solutions are more popular every year. Yet all of this work is related, as are the seemingly formless New Novels of France and certain French films such as Last Year at Marienbad. The success of these forms indicates a growing willingness of audiences to dispense with expectations of meaning, or to expect simply less meaning, though critics still tend to expect the old plot developments, unless they are prepared in advance by sophistication, naievity or the praise of superior critics.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK is a funny play in a comic tradition that has managed to grow with the times. As in such classics as The Man Who Came To Dinner, there is a visitor who comes to stay, but there's no explanation of this visit. The visitor is here called simply A Woman in the program and she simply walks in the open apartment door of A Man, looking for a Mr. Fleming. Immediately it seems certain that she'll stay, and she does.

There aren't any surprises here, not really, and it seems immediately certain that the Man will fall in love with her, and he does. The only problem is his Little Black Book, a rather big black book actually, containing the names and vital information of 134 women that the Man has slept with.

And the book isn't much of a problem actually, though it's probably a symbol of something, take your pick. The Man adds one more name to the book before abandoning everything for The Woman, and ultimately the play ends. Plot isn't important, as you can see, though I could detail it a little more for you, but mood, performance and dialogue are, and much of them work.

Richard Benjamin, who is also Portnoy in the upcoming film of Portnoy's Complaint, is the Man. His stylish and enthusiastic performance is almost entirely successful, and, importantly in this sort of nonsense, believable.

The Woman is played by Delphine Seyrig, who, interestingly enough, played the Woman in Last Year at Marienbad, and though she never seems to work at acting, and is rather off-hand for the entire performance, she is a delight every moment as she speaks her contradictions and fabricates her lies.

The direction of Milos Forman is usually unseen, and good for that, but he overstates a visual joke a few times too often, particularly in the instance where Ms. Seyrig folds and folds and folds and folds forever the two arms of a dress as she puts off leaving.

There are real laughs in this play, more than in many so-called traditional "comedies" and if you find yourself at all an absurdist, you can find humor in this play. Just don't make too many demands on the reason of the play, there is certain disappointment in that approach.

FOR AN EXAMPLE OF REAL HEAVYWEIGHT TALENTS against impossible odds, we are left with WASHINGTON SQUARE at the Theatre Club. The play is ostensibly a musical version of Henry James's WASHINGTON SQUARE, I guess you'd call it a chamber musical play, consisting of four players and two musicians.

The enormous talents of Hurd Hatfield were tapped for the role of the father, Dr. Austin Sloper, and his daughter is played by the talented Jeannie Carson. The role of the lover, Morris Townsend, is played by Biff McGuire and Lois Holmes fills the role of Lavinia.

These performers are talented people, and Davey Marlin-Jones has effectively staged what there is of the play. Perhaps Biff McGuire is a bit wrong physically for Morris, but his talents make him convincing and he is good to watch.

The problem is that the play is not good to watch.

The music (there are not really songs in the piece), is all right, a little at a time, and there are interesting ideas in some of the pieces, such as the number called "Sitting Here," which documents the complete breaking off of the affair between Morris and the daughter, Catherine.

At the very end of the play, from "Sitting Here" on, I guess, I got an idea of what challenged the authors and Marlin-Jones, but the smallness of the achievement and the idea of the challenge are not enough to make for a successful evening, even with the heavyweight talents of Hatfield, Carson, McGuire and Holmes.

NOTICE:

The People's Bicentennial Commission is forming a street troupe of four performers to provide alternative information at Washington tourist spots. We need people who are versatile in scripted material, music, and improvisational technique. The format of the production will include material from American historical sources such as Thomas Paine and Frederick Douglass, music from periods of American unrest, and a free-wheeling improvisational style that is geared to direct audience participation.

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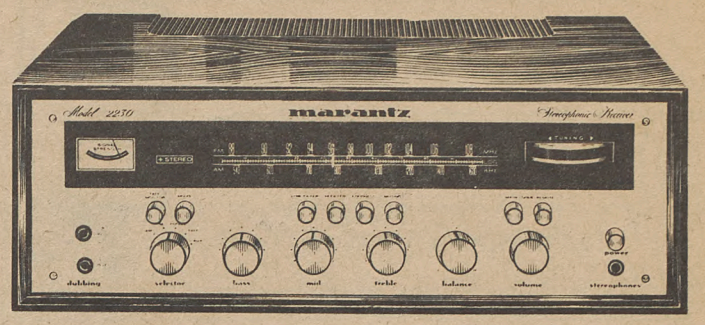

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Reviews by Robert Palmer

BOMBS BEARDS AND BARRICADES: 150 YEARS OF YOUTH IN REVOLT By Anthony Esler, Stein and Day; 336 pages, (cloth), $8.95

Take it down from the bookstore shelf. Glance at the cover – a red and black smorgasbord of the items in the title. Skim the liner notes – another book on youth rebellion, counter-culture, etc. Flip through the pages and finally find the author (a slightly cheerful, thirtyish fellow, white shirt, professor 'type') peering out from the back inside flap.

All the above activity requires about twenty seconds, and leaves you with the question: Is there anything new (or significant) remaining to be said on the book's topic? If you read the book, you find the answer: Yes; a little.

Author Anthony Esler (sure enough – a professor of history at William and Mary) advances the thesis that all the publicity-provoking activities of youth in the Sixties – protest demonstrations, student takeovers, Weatherman-type violence, the 'drop-out' culture, etc. – have occured several times before in Western civilization and are, therefore, not unique products of the 'now' generation.

But, before a rabid reactionary can babble, "Then this, too, shall pass," Esler theorizes that these youth of the past have usually carried some of their idealism into middle age and have actually brought about political and social changes over a long period of time. Change is inevitable; youth just seems to always advocate it before its time.

To prove these points, Esler leaps into a succession of capsule histories of various youth movements – the nationalistic German youth of the early 19th Century, the first 'Bohemians' of the Left Bank, the anti-Czarist Russian students, the Fitzgerald-Hemingway 'drop-outs' of the 20's, the Communists of the 30's, the beats of the 50's and others.

Some of these movements opted for political militancy and social activism; others attempted to withdraw from the prevailing society and establish different and separate life-styles. But Esler finds similar causal factors for both instances.

There's generational disjunction – society changes so fast that children develop different value systems from those of their parents – the generation gap.

The gap widens with increased educational opportunity – nearly all Esler's disaffected youth achieved higher education and developed life expectations that their contemporary societies seemed unwilling or unable to fulfill. These factors lead to a feeling of alienation, according to Esler; the young feel estranged from a moral-political system which is seen as irrelevant at best and repressive at worst.

Youth's radicalism vs. society's conservatism – the root cause of youth rebellion or the formation of counter-cultures.

Elser suggests that the issues which youth movements espouse become less "radical" as years pass. Thus, Germans eventually established a unified Germany; Russians eventually founded a Communist state; and different "alternative" cultures have always flourished for a time.

All this is obvious, of course. Library shelves are packed with detailed accounts of the activities Esler only summarizes; the parallels with our own society can be drawn without Esler's help. But they haven't yet been drawn to any extent and, if Esler tends to belabor the obvious, it may be because he's one of the first to mention it.

It is the addition of historical perspective to this over-worked "youth" business that is a really significant contribution of Esler's book.

But Esler's work falters in the abundance of narration and the lack of analysis. Esler has covered too large a subject too broadly and the results are essentially unsatisfying. This is especially true of the closing chapters (about the 60's) in which Esler bounds around the world–Cuba, Japan, Algeria, France, the U.S.– describing youth rebellion and its magnitude. There are too many different situations described in too little depth. Few similarities are drawn, or differences elaborated.

The author's historical inquiry might have applied many of the so-called "lessons of the past" to current problems; heavier analysis of his subject matter might have made this book far more significant than such currently popular lightweights as GREENING OF AMERICA.

In short, BOMBS BEARDS AND BARRICADES does provide something of interest–a necessary historical overview of the politics of youth, one which should rattle people of all generations out of their sense of self-importance. And much of the historical information presented will be new to many readers. But the ultimate impression of the book is a feeling of too little that is enlightening on top of too much already written on a tired subject.

PRACTICAL POLITICS 1972: HOW TO MAKE POLITICS AND POLITICIANS WORK FOR YOU By Frederik Pohl, Ballantine Books; 241 pages (paper), $1.25

It's leap year–traditional time for women to catch husbands and for political candidates to trap voters in the quadrennial Presidential election. Both slugfests have much in common–mainly, the fact that the victim in each is frequently snared by a combination of ridiculous hyperbole, impossible promises of devotion and a cosmetic public image, all of which seems to disappear after the candidate in question is elected.

Frederik Pohl does not address himself to leap year's Sadie Hawkins madness–perhaps because, according to women's liberation, many females have decided that man-chasing is no longer worth the trouble. However, since politicians in their madness are never going to spare us from pursuit, Pohl attempts to offer some kind of self-defense against the customary political depredations.

Science fiction readers will recognize Pohl as the author of DRUNKARD'S WALK, TOMORROW TIMES SEVEN, PLAGUE OF PYTHONS, and numerous other stories, and will find his acerbic humor carried over and used effectively in PRACTICAL POLITICS 1972. But let's make one thing perfectly clear–this book is not a spoof of politics. It is a serious attempt to explain the murky world of decision-making and is meant to serve as a laymen's guide to socially acceptable political activism. The engaging writing style and the presence of humor help illuminate some unpleasant facts of political life.

Pohl is honest with himself and with his readers; he gives no soapy lecture about the wonders of representative democracy, or the sanctity of the one-man/one-vote principle, or the altruism of candidates imbued with the selfless spirit of public service. Politics, according to Pohl, is dominated not by dedicated amateurs, but by ravenous professionals; people who accumulate much money and power while in office; people whose principles are easily bought; people who are obsessed with the re-election that will grant them a couple more years of plundering.

That would explain why public officials seem to react first to the wishes of land developers, or highway contractors, or aircraft companies, or the battery of other capitalists with money to spend in the right places.

Of course, a grafting politician and his money should be soon parted by an aroused electorate, but Pohl recognizes that voters are generally uninformed and frequently misled. Worse yet, Pohl is distressed by the many different "types" of people–black power advocates, "hard hats," radicals, white liberals are some of the groups he describes–who have for various reasons alienated themselves (Pohl's viewpoint) from politics. Americans are fragmented into too many pressure groups, too busy working against each other to work together for the common good.

So what does Pohl suggest? Basically, that we all get active in joining or forming political organizations or "clubs," and work to make these effective bodies to influence politicians; in other words, he wants us to form pressure groups.

The difference would apparently be that our new organizations would be more all-inclusive and would have purer motives than the oil lobby, or the National Rifle Association, or the numerous other cliques currently seducing our lawmakers.

But Pohl points out that a pressure group, after it corrects the evils that caused its formation, usually continues to grow and, eventually, comes to wield too much power–he uses labor unions as an example of this phenomenon. Therefore, couldn't we infer that any new organization, or even such good-guy "superlobbies" as Common Cause, to which Pohl refers in passing, may only be righteous because they are powerless, and that power might eventually corrupt any group that attains it.

The author uses his background in the Democratic Party's reform movement to formulate suggestions for organizing a political group and promoting its positions. But Pohl's experience is primarily in the lower levels of party structure–the precinct and the local committee–and though his organizational plans are masterful, they are only effective for a small group. The battles may be easier to win at the local level, but Pohl admits that the larger centers of political power are farther removed and tougher to reach. In the end, many may feel that what's really needed is a sequel from Pohl about how to make it into the upper echelons and grab your own graft, giving up political reform entirely.

Pohl is pragmatic enough much of the time. He affirms that politics is not really fair and that much of the effort expended by campaign volunteers is a waste of time. He even concedes that rioting and violence have often been the only means that brought needed change after "channels" had failed to respond. But he falls back too often on the old saying that those who don't get involved in politics have no right to complain about who gets elected.

Many will testify that they have been deeply and actively involved in politics, and have come away from the experience with nothing except the right to complain–and have also found that many "fellow Americans" didn't even believe in their right to do that.

It is this disillusionment that Pohl is fighting when he tries to convince us that the political process is still an effective tool for social change. All he can say in this book is that his concepts may work at the local level, depending on the dedication of the people involved and on the battles they choose to fight. But the walls of national politics are harder to crack, and Pohl doesn't convince us that they can be breached by putting aside our "type" identifications and working together. Perhaps the animosities between radicals, suburban liberals, blue-collar conservatives, etc. should be argued out rather than swept under a phony covering of common interest. Maybe we Americans don't really have much in common with each other anyway.

On the other hand, Pohl may eventually be proved right. But PRACTICAL POLITICS 1972 doesn't reflect the spirit of present times, and doesn't seem likely to become the authoritative activist's handbook for this year, especially since much of Pohl's political technique can be gleaned from such other books as Bantam's ORGANIZER'S MANUAL. But Pohl's humor and his cynical view of American politics do make for interesting reading.

counternotes

BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

BRING OUT THE SUN – Barbara Mauritz, Lamb – (Warner Brothers) —

This is part of the new generation of San Francisco good-time music; a lot of rousing country rocking material sung by Ms. Mauritz, one of the best, most distinguished vocalists around. "Old Fashioned Remedy" is the hit single that never was, an instantly infectious gospel styled tune with an irresistable vocal and really grabbing organ. "River Boulevard," (now retitled "Isn't It Just A Beautiful Day") and their new single, "How Am I Gonna Manage;" the whole album, for that matter, just oozes good, sweet vibes. One day not too long ago, when I was feeling really sick and turned off album after album which only made me feel worse, BRING OUT THE SUN was the only album I could play. Just remember that Barbara Mauritz is great.

L.A. GETAWAY – (Atco) —

This is not by a formal group, rather the loose work of three of rock's best: guitarist Joel Scott Hill, of Canned Heat; bassist Chris Etheridge, ex-Flying Burrito Brothers and Byrds; and drummer Johnny Barbata, ex-Turtles and CSN&Y. A good mixture of hard rock (the best of which is "Bring It To Jerome," "Big City," and their version of Chuck Berry's classic "The Promised Land,") and some fine soul ballads, like "Long Ago" and "It's Your Love." L.A. GETAWAY is a sort of half-way point between loose jamming among friends and the work of a formal band. All three musicians, incidentally, played together in a band called Jerome a few years ago. There are going to be a lot more "informal" albums on this order coming up soon and this is a promising enough beginning.

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION – (Decca) —

Some of the top Southern studio musicians got together for this one and it is an impressive hard rock workout. At times they sound amazingly like the Allman Brothers, especially lead guitarist Barry Bailey, but since their roots are similar, I hesitate to call it copying. It's obvious that this was no thrown together album. There is no poor material and some of it, "Love Me Just A Little (Sometime)," "Can't Stand It No More," and the short instrumental "Earnestine," is positively top notch. I don't know if the Atlanta Rhythm Section is going out on tour or playing live at all, (I have a feeling that if they do they'll shorten their name to Atlanta), but they are a band to be reckoned with.

PALADIN – (Epic) —

The Paladin album could start a whole controversy akin to the "Can the white man sing the blues" business which has been kicked around so much. Paladin is a white, British band playing music based on African and Latin rhythms, certainly not their native music. Some of it sounds like Santana, much of it sounds like Osibisa. While it cannot be called totally authentic, it's still highly enjoyable. There's a lot of rock to this supercharged music, some of it is just straight British hard rock, but it's certainly played well. The nucleus of Paladin is two refugees from Terry Reid's old band, organist Peter Solley (enough praise cannot be given to him) and drummer Keith Webb, and they can cook. The best of their Afro-Rock is "Bad Times" and "Fill Up Your Heart" and the best of the more traditional hard rock is "Giving All My Love" and "Carry Me Home." But then again it's all fused nicely. If you have even mild interest in Afro-Rock fusions, this album is worth your time. Weak points: some of the vocals and most of the lyrics.

ALL THE GOOD TIMES – Nitty Gritty Dirt Band – (United Artists) —

If this is all the good times, I'd sure hate to hear the bad times. I just cannot find anything here other than sporadic flashes of near excitement and a couple of stretches of sustained competency. To be fair, there is one excellent song, "Baltimore," but the rest is mediocre and often plain pretentious. I'd rather hear Jackson Browne sing "Jamaica Say You Will" and ditto Doug Kershaw for "Diggy Diggy Lo." I question their need to do Hank Williams' "Jambalaya." Some parts were recorded live and the audience's whistling and screaming is positively annoying, especially when they go apeshit during the lifeless fiddle break in "Diggy Diggy Lo." And they should have been paid for their bursting enthusiasm for a song as lame as "Sixteen Tracks." On the slightly brighter side, "Slim Carter" is a fairly good song with the same theme as "Mr. Bojangles," which is probably one of the reasons they picked it. The side guitar work on "Creepin' Round Your Back Door" is nice, and "Daisy" has it moments, but as a whole, ALL THE GOOD TIMES just doesn't move me as I hoped it would.

UNDER OPEN SKIES – Luther Grosvenor – (Island) —

The word for this album is smooth, very smooth. When you first hear it, you know there is something very good here, but it isn't until the third or fourth listening that it all comes together. Luther was lead guitarist of Spooky Tooth, and, while they were undeniably a fine hard rock band, there were a lot of leaden excesses about them that Luther is free of on this album. He uses Spooky Tooth's drummer Mike Kellie as one of the sidemen, but whenever possible he plays the instrumentals himself and he wrote all the songs. On "Rocket" and "Here Comes The Queen" he plays everything but drums; on "Love The Way" he plays everything. For the other instruments he uses some mighty fine people such as ex-Move bassist Trevor Burton and pianist John Hawjen, formerly of the classical-rock band Renaissance. And Jim Capaldi, who contributed backup vocals on one song and wrote the liner notes. (Jim and Luther both played in a pre-Traffic group called Deep Feeling.)

The rock on this album does not overpower the listener, it just compels him to listen closely. Grosvenor has a good voice and the production has made it possible to hear the instruments and the full bodied harmonies. In addition to his electric lead, Luther also plays a lot of acoustic guitar which goes down well and you can actually hear it, too.

"Here Comes The Queen" sounds a lot like Thunderclap Newman, a delicate balance of tough rock and soothing pop. "When I Met You" and "Love The Way" have much that same feel. "Ride On" and the title cut have the most forceful rock and also the nicest harmonies. A very impressive album that devotees of British rock should not be without.

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE – (RCA) —

With so many of the once solid country rock bands leaving the country and trying to play rock, a band like this is all the more welcome. Shit, Poco has gone stale on us and the Flying Burrito Brothers have changed their name to the Hot Burrito Review and want to play rock and roll. And so what can you do while waitin' around for the new Commander Cody album? Listening to this is good enough for me. Craig Fuller is a pretty raunchy guitarist and John Call is one of the better pedal steel players to come along recently and they manage to avoid the pitfall of so many country rockers, pretentiousness. The more countryish numbers, like "Take It Before You Go," work as well as the rock songs, the best of which is "Woman," utilizing the slowly emerging Hugh McCracken on lead guitar.

When Pure Prairie League plays country they are never very far from rock and vice versa. It may be a tired old adage to say that they sound like they really dig playing together and they're having a helluva time, but dammit, it's true. Try this one out; a trip to the country never hurt anyone.

ARTIST PROOF – Chris Darrow – (Fantasy) —

This is a major accomplishment in the country-rock genre. Darrow has resurfaced for the first time in the two years since the breakup of Kaleidoscope (the L.A. country-rock band which did four wonderful albums between 1967 - 1970 and were light years ahead of their time) with an album well stocked in expressive songs and fine playing by everyone, especially Darrow. He is another one of those amazing multi-instrumentalists; here he gets in his licks on guitar, fiddle, mandolin, slide guitar, dobro, and a few others. He does all the lead vocals and wrote all the songs except "Alligator Man." The material packs a great deal of power, whether it is a pretty ballad like "Song For Steven," (his son, I assume) or a funny yet all too sad tune like "Cocaine Lil;" "She had a cocaine dog/ and a cocaine cat/ that fought all night with a cocaine rat." Besides that, there is "Beware Of Time" which seems to transcend both country and rock and get into areas heretofor only partially explored. And "Shawnee Moon," which is a great country road song, a sort of non-redneck "Six Days On The Road;" the difference between a rig and a VW micro-bus.

ARTIST PROOF is a testament to the powers of the solo artist. Chris Darrow's music may not be the kind which would make him a giant star, but he's certainly got more than enough to make him well worth your attention.

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MUSIC by Susan Cohn

Rudolf Serkin walks out on stage very meekly, almost apologetically. His suit is slightly baggy, and he looks like everyone's image of the kindly grandfather. Then he plays.

Serkin plays the piano as if he had prepared each piece after consulting the composer. His all-Beethoven recital on March 19 at the Kennedy Center would have met with the greatest approval from Beethoven himself; Serkin plays with the musical wisdom of a man who believes in projecting the music, instead of his own personality.

A program of works by only one composer frequently becomes dull due to the sameness of the sounds, yet every second of this recital was exciting. The sonatas included "Pathetique" and the "Appassionata," as well as the early Op. 10, No. 2, and the rarely played Op. 109, and each sonata was performed as an entity unto itself. Serkin is a master musician, and every nuance of each sonata is observed. He is a mature musician who wisely forgoes flamboyance for the definitive performance of a work, knowing great music will be thrilling without pianistic acrobatics.

What more can be said? The recital was perfect.

workin

Mike Hogan

STARDATE 26 - 3 - 72: Well, there we were at the old, by now familiar Alexandria Roller Rink. Having previously traded in our skates for more than a few tokes of what we affectionately referred to as "really good shit," we sat waiting for Humble Pie's first set after missing the first two acts. Then, as the lights dimmed, out shot Stevie Pie, accompanied by Greg Pie, Jerry Pie and the newcomer Clem Pie. Stevie shouted a promise of Rock 'n' Roll and they did just that. Have no doubts about it, the Pie plays gut music. They take a few elemental riffs, a few bluesy tunes and play them as hard and loud as they can. Ain't nothing wrong with that -- give 'em a ninety-five 'cause they've got a good beat and you can dance to 'em. And that murderous combination of Marriott's lead guitar and Ridley's bass has no equal, not to mention Clempson's counter lead work which was good, but which leaves plenty of room for growth. By now, it shouldn't be necessary to mention the Marriott voice, but a mention is worthy of his harmonica work which there was too little of; never the less, the boy plays a mean harp, mama.

Soundwise, they were better this time than when last as the Rink, opening for Black Sabbath. As for the material, it's their standard program (See: "Rockin' the Fillmore") so, truthfully, we're not that anxious to see them again anytime soon... there's just too many other good groups, but then, that's not news to you.

We soon learned that Alexis Koerner, "grandaddy" of the British blues scene, was the opening act which, in conjunction with King Crimson, was cause enough for us to make it back for the second show. So? So Koerner has a real good idea in using just two guitars to boogie through his blues numbers. Within the Acoustic Crypt, though, his sound was simply overwhelmed and he knew it. The best we could do was to bear with him during his mercifully short set.

Frankly, while it was good to hear the Pie do a better gig than last time, and to see what Koerner's into now, we really went to see King Crimson because there's not another band in England or America that can touch them within their musical concept. Despite our back-of-the-Rink seats, the perfection of K. Crimson easily obliterated all the acoustic handicaps indigenous to that place. But after a couple of mind sweepingly beautiful tunes, Robert Fripp stepped up to the mike and reeled a spiel toward the audience. It seemed to be a low key, but not so well disguised, insult concerning the audience's intelligence, and if the people up front were socializing like the ones in back were, then it was indeed an insult and one justly deserved.

Crimson's music is structured, intelligently planned out and, as shown at the concert, it is a finely woven design in which the pattern flows easily from massive, layered walls of sound, to simple jazz guitar and sax inflections. How well they sounded (in the Rink) began as surprising and didn't stop until it passed incredible. And, when they were through, some other group came out to play their second set.

STARDATE 28 - 3 - 72: After a quick walk from fifteen minutes away, we arrived at the Cellar Door to sit in with Mickey Newbury and Carol Hall. It really was like sitting in with a couple of friends who can sing and who also happen to be excellent lyricists. The Cellar Door, because of its size and acoustics, has a natural feeling of intimacy and Tuesday it seemed even more so. (There's a reason for that: Monday night is the first night for acts at the Door, but newcomers to town need or deserve one evening to get the feel of the club. If they've got their proverbial shit together, as do Newbury and Hall, one evening is enough time to acclimate. Fridays and Saturdays belong to the Beautiful People who make as much of an appearance at clubs as do the performers. It's weekend crowded and feeling light, but never more than slightly, of course. And waiters stepping on your feet or elbowing your eyes. Thursdays may be alright, but we've found Tuesdays and Wednesdays very suitable to actually enjoy a performer.)

And so it was, everyone was acclimated and the audience was comfortably scant, befitting the attitude of Tuesday night club patrons, as Mickey Newbury, who's been called a liberal hardhat, wove his way through the tables and chairs, sat down to the microphones and began to sing about how, doggone, he loves those old songs. His is a Texas-Nashville country background, so he knows those

old songs had something to say in their own simple way. But he realizes that the changing times demand new attitudes and so his songs reflect the effects these changes have had on how he sees and feels things. To us, Mickey Newbury is an American poet and though you may never know him any better than the little you read here, do us one favor if someone asks you about some good new poets to get into. Ask them if songwriters count and then tell 'em someone said Mickey Newbury was worth the effort.

Carol Hall opened her first set with "Carnival Man," the lyrics of which habour the key to her being. In it she sings, "but folks, I got memories..." and she becomes a friend sitting in your room telling you about her childhood lover, Sandy, who wrote her two poems, or the death of her Uncle Malcolm, which brought her family together, but no closer, or Nana, who better to ask about getting old than someone who already is?

Her songs convey the poetry of naturalness and the value of conditions noted and lessons learned. She just sang and sang and each song seemed better than the last and then we realized that we were falling in love with this Lady Carol, but Willie Norris – he wrote NORTH TOWARD HOME – he was there and he was loving her too and said so to everyone at the table and so it was that, having lost Carol to Willie, we had to walk home alone that cold Washington morning, but folks, we got memories. . .

poetry reading

Bill Garrison

I'd much rather, much better, stick to my own intransitive attempts to pose prose than pursue the more active, aggressive, action of reviewing the reading of three intensive poets, diligent word-smiths, magic makers, sounders of their own sounds. But, as can and does happen when I'm not safely tucked away mid-morass in a book, my mouth makes words which draw me into things inane: sitting here Saturday, conscious of rain and the last night's performance, knowing The Editor was expecting a "review" a few hours past.

So, here; be forewarned, forearmed. I am a muddler of a reviewer, reluctant and solitary in my mind. I'm not objective. While I do not appreciate the gustatory delights of butterscotch ice cream garnished with dill pickles, my taste may yet be labled eccentric (Second Skin is the best novel by a resident of the United States in decades). I am acquainted with one of the poets and have found delight in her poems before last night. Homosexuals make me nervous when they probe their faggotry. Successful white Anglo-Saxon Protestant establishment suburbanites in general cause my sight and hearing to dim. So here, include this in the mind that reads further.

In order of their appearance:

Ed Cox gripping a wobbly lecturn for support, bowing to read, nervously flicking his hair from his face, touching his cheek, his upper lip with a bent forefinger, reading his first few poems with a steam engine chug a chuga, saying it Clear, Ed Cox got it together slowly.

After reading a few poems, Cox was able to release the lecturn and the strained tendons in his left arm relaxed back into the flesh. The poems were better as he went along. It's impossible to take notes when you're listening to poems, so I can't give you much in reference to the words and lines. Cox's "Poem to Ezra and Agnes" was the first he read that seemed to me to get into what he wanted it to get us into. Ezra and Agnes, his father and mother, have separate sections in the poem; they are linked, but not together. In this poem Cox first explicitly speaks of his homosexuality.

"Anticipation," Cox's final poem was his best. This originates in a situation of the poet thinking about a reading a few hours before it starts and extends into a larger scale of the poet's situation.

What more could I say? Even the best of Cox's poems could still use some work. They're dead in places. But Cox has the impetus and he, the reader, was the most poetic of those who read, developed the most audience empathy. He has the honesty and the interest to probe with his poems an area generally unknown to the general public. We should hear more of him.

Wendy Abt. Following Cox, Ms Abt was almost a shock. There she was, such a "proper" contrast. Standing straight, a relaxed appearance (though her hand may have trembled as she held the sheet of paper of her first poem), her soft voice reaching the back row, she showed not a wrinkle.

I've read some of Ms. Abt's poetry. I'm prejudiced. My ears ring when I read her poems, her language is so delightful, her control so near perfect.

Perhaps her control last night was too great, with the lights in her eyes and the necessity of a hall full of people. I disqualify myself in this regard, except to say that the distance between us was too great.

Ms Abt's audience seemed to be able to get into her poems, though. The untitled poem on abortion was very well received. The last line, "love excreting itself slowly," remains in the echo chamber of your mind and sets profuse, sad reverberations.

Reed Whittemore. After a ten minute intermission, Mr. Whittemore came on. He's been around and his presentation showed it. Relaxed and informal, he puts the emphasis on humor and goes straight for the chuckle.

Whittemore teaches at the University of Maryland. (One of his students, sitting behind me, said he's very good.) He is an editor of "New Republic" and not long ago did whatever the official poet of the Library of Congress does.

Whittemore said he was once a pastoral poet and is now a city poet. You can believe the pastoral part, but if he knows anything about cities, he didn't show it in any of his poems. The white house in the suburbs with the neat hedge is more like it.

But Whittemore is a professional and quickly seduced the audience. He reads his poems with utmost familiarity, standing, leaning on arms, leaning on elbows grinning little grins of wonder with each laugh. He had the audience until half way through his last poem, when he became serious with a message they didn't like: you have to go home again and grin and bear it. A few middle aged middle class attendees liked it but they didn't have the nerve to applaud. They privately congratulated him during the reception after it was all over.

The poetry reading was arranged by Liz Blair, Eleanora Anderson and Gardy Schlange, under the auspices of the Washington Theater Club. The hall at 1632 O Street was full. With this success, they may make the readings here a regular occurence.

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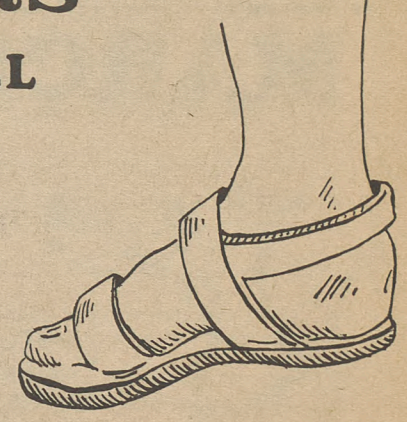

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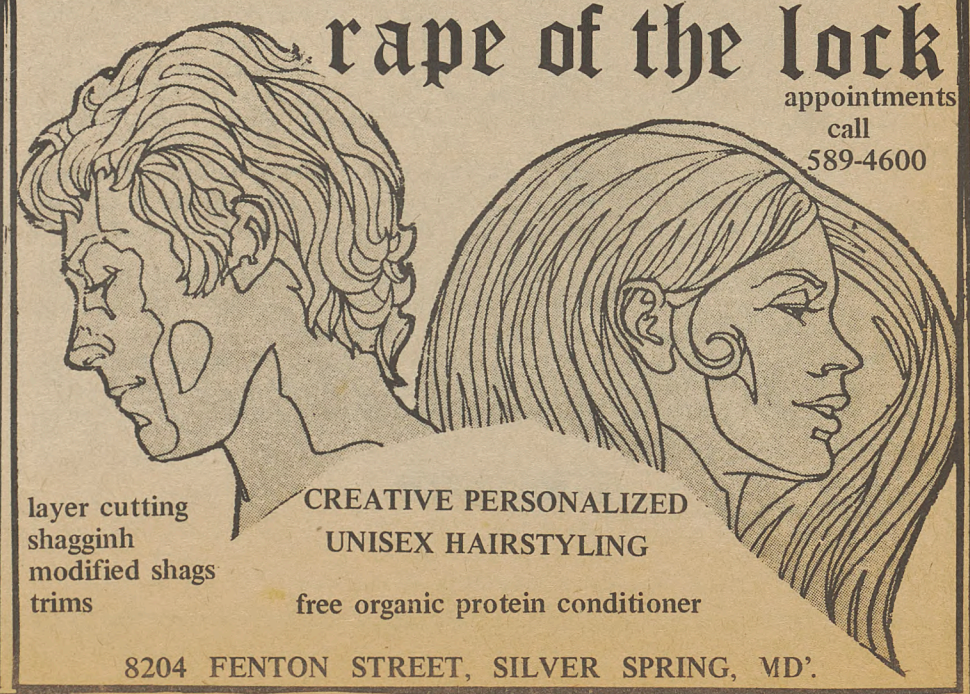

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calendar

April 4
THEATRE
"Purlie"at National Theatre; 7:30 P.M.; tickets-$3.50 to $11.00.
"Romeo and Juliet" at Folger Shakespeare Library; 8 P.M. tickets-$3.50
"Uptight" at Arena Kreeger Theatre; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-$4.25 to $6.25
"Washington Square" at Washington Theatre Club; 8 P.M. tickets-$3,$4, $5
"Little Black Book" at the Kennedy Center; 7:30 P.M.; tickets-$4.00 to $9.00
"Godspell" previews at Ford's Theater; 7:30 P.M.; tickets-$6,$7
CONCERTS
Ruby Braff Jazz at Blues Alley
James Cotton Blues Band plus Grits at the Cellar Door
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus at the Washington Coliseum; 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.; tickets-$3.50,$4.50,$5.50
Festival for Alternatives in Education at 2111 Florida Ave. N.W.; discussing rights, education, poverty, and hunger.
American Ballet Theater at the Kennedy Center, presenting "Swan Lake"; 8 P.M.; tickets- $10 to $4
FILMS
"Merry-Go-Round" at the American Film Institute Theatre, 10th and D streets S.W.; 8 P.M.
"Hello Sister" at the American Film Institute.

April 5
THEATRE
"Purlie" matinee at 2 P.M. (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
"Godspell" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
CONCERTS
Ruby Braff Jazz (see April 4)
James Cotton Blues Band plus Grits (see April 4)
Emmy Lou Harris at Clydes in Georgetown
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see April 4)
Festival for Alternatives in Education (see April 4)
American Ballet Theatre presentin "Brahm's Quintet" "Fall River Legend" and "Theme and Variations" (see April 4)
FILMS
9 shorts- a large range of subjects from sensuous abstract patterns to country fiddlers at the American Film Institute; 8 P.M.
"Shoot the Piano Player" at Northern Virginia Community

April 6
THEATRE
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"The Death of Bessie Smith" at Theatre Lobby; 8:30 P.M. tickets-$2.00
"Recuerdos del Alma Espanola" at th "O" Street theatre of the Washington Theatre Club, project of George Washington U.; 7 P.M.
"Little Black Book" matinee at 2 P.M. (see April 4)
"Godspell" Matinee at 2 P.M. (see April 4)
CONCERTS
Ruby Braff Jazz (see April 4)
James Cotton Blues Band plus Grits (see April 4)
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see April 4)
American Ballet Theater presenting "Les Sylphides" "Dark Elegies" and "Rodeo" (see April 4)
The Bugs Bunny Show at Shady Grove Music Fair; 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.; tickets-$2.00
FILMS
"The Merry Widow" at the American Film Institute; 8 P.M.

April 7
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" tickets-$4 to $6 (see April 4)
"The Death of Bessie Smith" tickets -$2.50 (see April 6)
"Recuerdos del Alma Espanola" (see April 6)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
"Godspell" start of show(end of preview); 7 P.M.; tickets-$6.50 & $7.50 (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" previews at the Arena; 8 P.M.; tickets-$6.25 & $4.75
CONCERTS

Juliard Quartet at Library of Congress; 8 P.M.; free
Henry Mancini at the Kennedy Center, selection of the 1972 Cherry Blossom Festival Queen; 8:30 P.M.; tickets- $4.50 to $7.50
Virginia Music Festival with Richie Havens, Kris Kristofferson, Mckendree Spring and more; at William and Mary U. Williamsburg ,Va;
Ruby Braff Jazz (see April 4)
James Cotton Blues Band plus Grits (see April 4)
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see April 4)
The Bugs Bunny Show (see April 6)
American Ballet Theater presenting "Theater" and "La Fille Mal Gardee";(see April 4)
Petey Greene and Kim Weston at the Sheraton Park Hotel; 8 P.M.
Iguana Coffee House at the Luther Place Church; 8:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
FILMS
"Greed" at the American Film Institute; 8 P.M.

April 8
THEATER
"Purlie" matinee at 2 P.M. (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" 6 & 9 P.M.; tickets $4 to $6 (see April 4)
"The Death of Bessie Smith" tickets- $3.00 (see April 6)
"Recuerdos del alma Espanola" tickets-free (see April 6)
"Little Black Book" matinee at 2 P.M. (see April 4)
"Godspell" 6:30 & 9:30 P.M.;tickets- $6.50 & $7.50 (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" matinee at 2 P.M.;tickets $4.75 & $3.25 (see April 7)
CONCERTS
Juliard Quartet (see April 7)
Ruby Braff Jazz (see April 4)
Dixie Land Jazz at La Boheme Restaurant; 5:30 & 9:30 P.M.
Hootenany at the Cellar Door
Alman Brothers Band and B.B. King at the Civic Center in Baltimore; 8 P.M.; tickets-$4.50 to $6.50
Virginia Music Festival (see April 7)
Joe & Lynn hickerson, Howie & ann Mitchell and Helen Schneyer in a fold concert at Smithsonian.s Museum of Natural History Auditorium; 8 P.M.; tickets-$2
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus ; 10:30 A.M. 2:30 & 8:15 P.M. (see April 4)
The Bugs Bunny Show (see April 6)
American Ballet Therater presenting "Les Sylphides" and "La Fille Gardee" at 2 P.M. and "Brahm.'s Quintet" "Fall River Legend" and Fancy Free" at 8P.M. (see April 4)
Iguana Coffee House (see April 7)
SMC Teach-in and Air War Slides at the Grace Episcopal Church; 12 noon- 4 P.M.
SMC benefit party at the Grace Episcopal Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave. N.W.; 8:30 - 12:00 midnight; $1 donation
FILMS
"Sunset Boulevard" at the American Field Institute; 8 P.M.

April 9
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" matinee at 3 P.M. (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Recuerdos del Alma Espanola" (see April 6)
"Status Quo Vadis" at the Arena; 2 & 7:30 P.M.; tickets-$5.75 to $4.25

CONCERTS
Marilyn Horne at the Kennedy Center; 3 P.M.; tickets $1
Dixie Land Jazz, jam session (see April 8)
Badfinger plus Ashton,Gardner and Dyke, and Second Nature at Robinson High Shcool in Fairfax, Va.; 7 P.M.; tickets $4 in advance and $5 at the door
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus; 1:30 and 5:30 P.M. (see April 4)
American Ballet Theater; 2P.M.(see April 7) 8P.M. "Theater" "Rodeo" and "Etudes" (see April 4)
FILMS
"The Wedding March" at the American Film Institute

April 10
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April4)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
CONCERTS
Dixie Land Jazz (see April 8)
Fat City at the Cellar Door
EVENTS
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus; 4:15 & 8:15 P.M. (see April 4)
FILMS
"The Great Gabbo" at the American Film Institute; 8 P.M.

April 11
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
"Godspell " (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" 8P.M. (see April 7)
CONCERTS
Dixie Land Jazz (see April 8)
EVENTS
American Ballet Theater presenting "Swan Lake"(see April 4)
FILMS
"Foolish Wives" at the American Film Institute; 8 P.M.
"The Sleeping Car Murder" at the Northern Community College; 8:45 P.M.

April 13
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Little Black Book" Matinee at 2 P.M.(see April 4)
"Godspell" matinee at 2 P.M.; tickets $5 & $6 (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" (see April 12)
EVENTS
American Ballet Theater (see April 12)
FILMS
Silent Films with Arthur Kleiner's accompaniment at the AFI; 8 pm

April 14
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4).
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
"Godspell" (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" tickets $6.25 & $4.75 (see April 4)
CONCERTS
Murray the K's Rock Revival II at the Kennedy Center, with Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and others; 8:30 and midnight; tickets $7.00, $6.00, $5.00
John Hammond and Hot Tuna at the Virginia Theatre, Alex., 8 and 11 pm
EVENTS
American Ballet Theater at the Kennedy Center "Los Sylphides," "A Soldier's Tale," "Theme and Variations;" 8 pm, tickets $10, $8, $6, $4
FILMS
"The Lost Squadron" at the AFI; 8 pm ,also "The Devil Doll"
"Telemachus Clay" at American U.; 8:35 pm

CHUCK BERRY

April 15
THEATER
"Purlie" matinee at 2 pm (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Little Black Book" (see April 4)
"Godspell" 7 pm; tickets $6.50, $7.50 (see April 4)
"Status Quo Vadis" matinee 2:30, tickets $4.75, $3.25
8 pm; tickets $6.25, $4.75 (see April 4)
"Telemachus Clay" (see April 14)
CONCERTS
Toronto Symphony at the Kennedy Center 8:30 pm
Sandler & Young at Shady Grove; 7 and 10:30 pm; tickets $4.50, $5.50, $6.50
EVENTS
American Ballet Theater at the Kennedy Center, 2 pm; "The River," "Fancy Free," "Etudes"
8 pm; "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Don Quixote" & "The River;" tickets $10, $8, $6, $4
FILMS
"The Kid" and "The Idle Class" starring Charlie Chaplin at the AFI; 8 pm

April 16
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Romeo and Juliet" matinee 3 pm (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
"Washington Square" (see April 4)
"Telemachus Clay" (see April 14)
CONCERTS
Netherlands Chamber Orchestra at the Kennedy Center, "Giselle," 2 and 8 pm; tickets $10, $8, $6, $4

April 17
THEATER
"Purlie" (see April 4)
"Uptight" (see April 4)
CONCERTS
National Symphony Orchestra with soprano Brigit Nilsson at the Kennedy Center; 8:30 pm

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GALLERIES

Adams, Davidson Galleries -- "One Hundred Years of American Painting" 3233 P St. NW

American Film Institute -- Paintings and collages by Joyce Murray Independence Ave. and D St. SW

Arts Club of Washington -- Paintings in various media by Edna Colbreth and Betty Hartnell, thru April 7 2017 'Eye' St. NW

Bird-In-Hand-Photographs by four women artists 600 S. Washington St., Alexandria

Cabada Art Gallery -- Satirical oils, drawings and etchings by Javier Cabada thru April 15 1522 Conn. Ave. NW

Corcoran Gallery of Art -- "The Dimensional Continuum Group" thru April 6 17th St. and New York Ave. NW

Corcoran School of Art -- William T. Wiley Exhibition 17th and New York Ave. NW

Down East Gallery -- Paintings, drawings and woodcuts by three women artists 2140 Cathedral Ave. NW

East-West Art Associates -- Oriental watercolors and screens by Liu Shih Min 433 S. Frederick Ave. Gaithersburg

Emerson -- Paintings, drawings and collages by Rosalind Farely 1437 Emerson Avenue, McLean

Frendrick Gallery -- "Fire engines, astronauts and other marvels" by Red Grooms thru April 7 3059 M St. NW

Fisher Galleries -- 19th Century sculpture 1509 Conn. Ave. NW

Folger Gallery -- A Washington Group Show, thru April 8 201 E. Capitol St.

Frame House Gallery -- Kathryn Carpenter, thru April 15 205 Union St. Occoquan, Va.

Franz Bader Gallery -- New Work of Herman Maril, thru April 15 2124 Penn. Ave

Freer Gallery of Art -- 2,500 Years of Persian Art selected leaves from Armenian Biblical manuscripts 1100 Jefferson Drive SW

Gallery of African Art -- Makonde sculpture, traditional pieces and graphics and tapestries 1621 21st St. NW

Museum of African Art -- Masterpieces of traditional African sculptures and "Impact of African Art onModern Art" 316 A St. NE

Hodges Galleries -- Group show of oils and watercolors by local artists 520 N. Washington St., Alexandria

Henri 2 -- Robert Stackhouse thru April 11 1875 Conn. Ave. NW

Hensley Gallery -- Fifty graphic artists. 113 N. Fairfax St., Alexandria

Hom Gallery, Inc. -- sculpture by Pietro Lazzari 7315 Wisconsin Ave. NW

I.F.A. Galleries, Inc. -- recent paintings by Bruno Zupan thru April 13 2623 Conn. Ave. NW

Jane Haslem Gallery -- Retrospective exhibition of graphics by Richar Zieman 1669 Wisconsin Ave. NW

Jefferson Place Gallery -- Paintings by Sandy Waters thru April 15 2114 P St. NW

Kenneth Kelley Gallery -- recent oils by Leopold Reiser, Harold Hitchcock Jean Valadie and other European artists 7315 Wisconsin Ave Bethesda Md.

Lee-Atkins Studio Gallery -- "The Dynamic Liberated Lines" thru May 15 4712 Wisconsin ave nW
4712 Wisconsin Ave NW

Liros Gallery -- political satire by Thomas Nast 630 N Washington St Alexandria

Lunn Gallery -- etchings and lithographs by Walt Kuhn thru April 53243 P St NW

Mickelson Gallery -- painting and graphics by Robert Bidner 707 6th st. NW

National Collection of Fine Arts -- second annual grade school students' eshibit thru April 10, followed by drawings by William Glackens and art of the 30's 9th St between F and G Sts NW

National Gallery of Art -- "The American Artist and Water Reclamation" and etchings by Venetion artists Battista Tiepolo and DOmenico Tiepolo 6th St and Constitution Ave NW

Protech-Riukin Gallery -- "Tool Alchemy" by Yuri Schwebler 3034 M St NW

Pyramid Gallery -- paintings by Leon Berkowitz 2121 P St NW

Renwich Gallery -- eight concurrent temporary shows devoted to American design, crafts and decorative arts 17th St and Pennsylvania Ave NW

Sculpture House Gallery -- group show of six artists thru April 9 4224 Howard Ave kensington

Showcase Gallery -- group show in various media thru April 16 1101 23 St NW

Spectrum Gallery -- "Recent Psyclyclical Paintings" by Ann Benson; thru April 16 3033 M St NW

Studio Gallery -- photographs by Ron Stark thru April 15 1735 Conn Ave NW

Talking of Michaelangelo -- acrylics by Patti Burris, pottery by Paul Stan thru April 9 655 C St SE

The Art Barn -- contemporary paintins and wall hanging Tilden St NW

Textile Museum -- "From Persian's Ancient Looms" 2320 S St NW

University of Maryland Art Gallery -- Chinese art from the Ferris Luboshez Collection College Park Md

Venable Galleries -- paintings by three artists Conn Ave NW

Watergate Gallery -- oils, watercolors, and drawings by Raphael Soyer 2554 Virginia Ave NW

Wheelhouse Gallery LTD -- apintings and drawings by Marie Shaw Addi Hunter Mill Rd Oakton Va

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WED. & THUR. April 12-13	**HAMLET**	Nicol Williamson, Gordon Jackson directed by Tony Richardson in Technicolor
FRI. & SAT. April 14-15	**MACBETH**	Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson A George Schaefer Production in Technicolor
SUN. & MON. April 16-17	**KING LEAR**	Paul Scofield, Irene Worth Jack MacGowran directed by Peter Brook
TUESDAY April 18	**OTHELLO**	Sergei Bondarchuk (1955) directed by Sergei Youtkevich in Color, English Dialog First Prize for direction, Cannes Film Festival, 1956
WEDNESDAY April 19	**HAMLET**	Directed by Grigori Kozintsev Translated and adapted by Nobel Prize winner Boris Pasternak In Russian with English sub-titles
THURSDAY April 20	**MACBETH**	Orson Wells, Jeanette Nolan directed by Orson Welles
FRI. & SAT. April 21-22	**FALSTAFF**	Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau Sir John Gielgud, Margaret Rutherford Winner "Grand Prix" Cannes Film Festival
SUN. & MON. April 23-24	**HENRY V**	Sir Laurence Olivier directed by Sir Laurence Olivier in Technicolor
TUE. & WED. April 25-26	**HAMLET**	Winner of 5 Academy Awards Sir Lawrence Olivier Co-Starring Jean Simmons, Eileen Herlie

The Inner Circle Theatre

2105 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Next to the Circle Theatre Phone 337-4470

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STARTS THURSDAY, APRIL 27

THUR.-SAT. April 27-29	Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*—Part I (1968) Sergei Bondarchuk, Ludmila Savelyeva Academy Award Winner—Best Foreign Film directed by Sergei Bondarchuk		
SUN.-TUE. April 30-May 2	Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*—Part II (1968) Same cast and credits as Part I		
WEDNESDAY May 3	Yuri Yakolev, Yulia Borisova in Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* (1958) Russian with English titles (Color)	&	Nikolai Cherkassov in Cervantes' *Don Quixote* directed by Grigory Kozinsev (1957) Russian with English titles (Color)
THURSDAY May 4	Nikolai Cherkassov in Alexei Tolstoy's *Peter the Great*, Part I (1937) directed by Vladmir Petrov	&	Nikolai Cherkassov in Alexei Tolstoy's *Peter the Great*, Part II (1938) directed by Vladmir Petrov
FRI. & SAT. May 5-6	Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer* (1968) directed by John Frankenheimer Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde	&	Brian Moore's *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* (1964) directed by Irvin Kershner Tom Harvey, Robert Shaw, Mary Ure
SUN. & MON. May 7-8	Nicolai Gogol's *The Overcoat* (1962) Roland Bykov directed by Alexi Batalov	&	Mikhail Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don* (1960) directed by Sergei Gerasimov
TUESDAY May 9	Horst Buchholz in Thomas Mann's *The Confessions of Felix Krull* (1958) Liza Pulver directed by Kurt Hoffman	&	Carl Zuckmayer's *The Captain From Koepenick* (1958) Heinz Ruhmann
WEDNESDAY May 10	Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau in Kafka's *The Trial* (1963) Anthony Perkins Romy Schneider	&	Maximillian Schell in Kafka's *The Castle* (1969) directed by Rudolf Noelte
THURSDAY May 11	Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney Jr. in John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* (1939) directed by Lewis Milestone	&	Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None* (1945) Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, directed by Rene Clair
FRI. & SAT. May 12-13	James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1967) directed by Joseph Strick	&	Sir Laurence Oliver, Kirk Douglas in George Bernard Shaw's *Devil's Disciple* (1959) Burt Lancaster
SUN. & MON. May 14-15	Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh in Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist* (1947) directed by David Lean	&	George Orwell's classic *Animal Farm* (1955) Louis De Rochemont
TUESDAY May 16	John Fowles' *The Magus* (1968) Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine, Candice Bergen, directed by Guy Green	&	Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge* (1961) Carol Lawrence, Maureen Stapleton, Raf Vallone directed by Sidney Lumet
WEDNESDAY May 17	James Aubrey, Tom Chapin in William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* (1963) directed by Peter Brooks	&	Joseph Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands* (1953) Wendy Hiller, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley directed by Sir Carol Reed
THURSDAY May 18	James Hayter, Nigel Patrick in Charles Dickens' *The Pickwick Papers* (1953) Hermione Gingold	&	Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller in George Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* (1940) Robert Morley, Robert Newton
FRI. & SAT. May 19-20	D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* (1960) Trever Howard, Dean Stockwell, Wendy Hiller, directed by Jack Cardiff	&	D. H. Lawrence's *The Virgin and the Gypsy* (1970) Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, Honor Blackman directed by Christopher Miles
SUN. & MON. May 21-22	Irene Papas in The Euripides Classic *Electra* (1962) directed by Michael Cacoyannis	&	Rafael Rivelles, Juan Calvo in Cervantes' *Don Quixote De La Mancha* (1948) directed by Rafael Gil Spanish with English titles
TUE. & WED. May 23-24	The Tyrone Guthrie Production of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* (1957) Featuring Stratford Ontario Shakespearian Festival Players (Color)	&	Irene Papas in the Sophoclean classic *Antigone* (1962) Screenplay adapted from the original Sophoclean Text of 441 B.C. in the Final Play in the Oedipus Trilogy
THURSDAY May 25	Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon in Alexander Korda's *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (1935) Ramond Massey	&	Jose Ferrer in Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1950) Mala Powers
FRI. & SAT. May 26-27	W. Somerset Maugham's *Quartet* (1949) Felix Aylmer, Dirk Bogarde directed by Ken Annakin	&	Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter* (1946) Stanley Holloway, Trevor Howard directed by David Lean
SUNDAY May 28	W. Somerset Maugham's *Trio* (1950) Nigel Patrick, Jean Simmons directed by Ken Annakin	&	W. Somerset Maugham's *Encore* (1952) Glynis Johns, Nigel Patrick directed by Harold French
MON. & TUE. May 29-30	John Osborne's *The Entertainer* (1960) Sir Laurence Olivier, Alan Bates, Albert Finney directed by Tony Richardson	&	Jean Genet's *The Balcony* (1963) Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, directed by Joseph Strick

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